

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 20, 1982

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Poland's Tense Revival



**Martial law:
The longest year**

**Walesa's days
of decision**

**Will the West
lift sanctions?**

**Former
Solidarity chief
Lech Walesa**



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Macleans

DECEMBER 22, 1992 VOL. 95 NO. 51

COVER

Poland's tense revival

After 12 months of repression, Poland's military rulers say they are ready to relax their iron grip on the country. But any changes will likely be gradual, and the Polish people, worn down by the unrelenting daily struggle to survive amid the worst consumer goods shortages since the 1980s, are no longer in any mood for celebrations. — **Page 54**

COVER PHOTO BY FRANCIS JOHNSON. BARBARA COOPER



Dye casts another net

Auditor General Kenneth Dye delivers his second review of government extravaganzas, with a touch of poetry and a loud blast at Crown corporations. — **Page 12**



A town that refuses to die

Although McKelvie, N.E., has had more than its share of bad luck, its citizens, proud of their town's past glory as a busy CFB junction, look ahead with optimism. — **Page 6**



Images of splendor

Although this was the year of nuclear war books, forecasting a dark fate for the Earth, this season's selection of gift books is a much more way to go. — **Page 44**

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Portrait of a fading soul

In the best performance of his career, Paul Newman as an alcoholic lawyer in *The Verdict* captures all the pain and helplessness of man who has lost his way. — **Page 49**

[illegible]

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MX: now or never

Regarding your Dec. 4 cover story, *A Drowning Demon*, when testing nuclear weapons have the capacity to kill every man, woman and child on the face of the planet some 23,000 times over, I can only reflect that the world needs the MX missile system as much as a drowning man needs another mouthful of water.

—KEN ALFALTHO,
Petersburg, Ont.

Does anyone out there actually believe there will be survivors after a nuclear war? And what would be the point of trying to survive? Life is no fun when there is no one to live it with.

—PAT COOKE,
Vancouver

Extremism sells

Soul Wars. The *Final Battle* (Canada, Dec. 4) is a brilliant piece of propaganda. Some examples the said "industry" may be worth \$7 million, not \$12 million, to Canada, but the cost is measured in warring and protesting it, together with worldwide public relations efforts to justify it, amounts easily to that much. What profit does it give Canada to Norwegian interviews, whether they operate under their own or the Canadian flag. The commercial hunt is not a traditional way of life for the Inuit, who live by or hunt seals. Far from measuring in numbers, the karga have, according to the best nonpartisan data, decreased by at least 80 per cent since large-scale commercial hunting of them began. Relatively few Quebecers and



Pal another nuclear weapon, madness

Newfoundlanders still go sealing, and then only for a few days or weeks each year. Their average income from this source in 1982 was only slightly more than \$1,000. Commercial sealing is not vital to any Canadian community. Bleeding hearts and publicity seekers are not the essence of the anti-seal hunt movement. The protesters include many independent biologists and, as a recent Gallup poll revealed, 90 per cent of Canadians in general, not one of whom is given a say in your piece. There is only one real reason for continuing the slaughter: Since fish stocks are rapidly being depleted, through human greed, no more remains for commercial competitors. Therefore, all species of seals in Canada's Atlantic and Pacific waters must be "reduced to tolerable levels"—which in Ottawa doubletalks for effective extermination. In a moment of expanded truth, the former minister of fisheries and oceans, Ramo Lefebvre, recently confirmed that if there were no commercial hunt, government agencies would proceed to decimate the harp and hood seal herds, even as they are now decimating the grey and harbour seals.

—PAULET MORRIS
Port Hope, Ont.

An ex-politician reflects

Your People article of Nov. 29 has misrepresented my observations, particularly as is campaign life. The change from the pressures of politics to the experience of a university is obvious but no less dramatic. Research, Preparation, research and writing plus an enormous demand on academics. Unlike the political world, however, universities at least afford an opportunity for reflection and reasoned discussion.

—JOHN MCMANUS
Saskatoon, Sask.

PASSAGES

DEED: John Boyden, 47, the renowned baritone, of cancer, in Stratford, Ont. When he was in his teens, Boyden was auditioned by a leading German lute singer, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, who helped to make his potential known to Stratford residents. They had just raised enough money to send him to Europe to study when doctors diagnosed Hodgkin's disease. Boyden nevertheless made his debut in Vienna in 1961 and spent eight years touring before he was forced to retire.

EXCUSE: Charles Brooks, 45, by lethal injection, in Huntsville, Tex., for his part in the 1976 murder of a Port Worth auto mechanic. The execution outraged many doctors, who said that the fatal administration of a combination of drugs violated medical ethics. Brooks was the sixth man to be executed in the United States since the Supreme Court reinstated the death penalty six years ago. Texas is one of six states that permit death by injection.

DEED: Barry Jensen, 42, one of Canada's best-known and most talented sprinters, of apoplexy, in a Vancouver hospital (page 36).

DEED: Marty Robbins, 57, the Grammy award-winning balladeer whose late 1960s hits *A White Sports Car* and *A Pink Carnation* and 65 Pops made him famous, six days after undergoing quadruple bypass heart surgery, in a Nashville, Tenn., hospital. Robbins had suffered from heart disease for more than 10 years but continued to perform until the night he was hospitalized.

DEED: Will Lee, 74, better known as television's Mr. Hooper, the starliner on TV's *Seaside Street* of a heart attack, in New York. Lee began his career on Broadway in the 1930s. He appeared in a number of films in the 1940s and 1950s, before being blacklisted during the Senator Joseph McCarthy era.

DEED: Leon Jaworski, 71, the special prosecutor who helped form President Richard Nixon's Task Force by linking him to the Watergate scandal, of a heart attack, at his ranch in Wimberly, Tex. Jaworski's long career was highlighted by a number of distinguished positions. After the Second World War he was a prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials. In 1961 he represented Lyndon Johnson when several Republicans tried to bar him from simultaneously running for the Senate and the vice-presidency. Four years later Jaworski served as counsel to the Warren Commission investigating the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Hyphenated ethnicity

In his Nov. 18 Poems, *My Multiculturalism* George, Larry Zoff contends that a lot of our money is wasted on maintaining ethnic cultures in order to keep ethnic groups, "long-held and important." Multiculturalism, he dismisses as "the most diverse idea since apartheid," an opinion that he supports by stating that ethnicities in Canada, unlike those in the United States, are hyphenated, unequal and outside the political mainstream. Even so, say that this particular article is probably the worst distortion of what really is happening in Canada that I have seen from Larry in a long time. It seems to me that in the old days, when we shared an occasional glass together on fellow journalists, he was a bit more rational and a lot more contemporary in his information. I don't know where Zoff has been libel-muzzling, but the United States has long repudiated the myth of the melting pot, and its citizens, active in ethnicity, like others over the world, have become highly self-aware and vocal.

—JIM FLEMING,
Minister of Multiculturalism,
Ottawa

Larry Zoff's Poems on multiculturalism in Canada is by far the best and most accurate account of that misguided policy that I have read in years. He might have added that the Canadian government, and some Anglo-Canadian nationalists, often portray Canada's alleged multiculturalism as making Canada distinct from the United States by its melting pot. This in itself is a weak argument which to hang the Canadian identity. As a hyphenated Canadian who has lived in the United States for six years, I see little evidence of a melting pot. Ethnic diversity exists and is thriving. What the United States has, despite all its troubles, and what Canada does not seem to have, is a strong civic culture. This general belief in the nation's values and institutions makes possible the kind of unity in diversity that Canada needs if it is to overcome its own difficulties.

—JOEL J. SOROKIN
Washington, D.C.

Kurelek: the people will decide

You may think that the Kurelek phenomenon ought to be given "a well-deserved rest" (*A Return to Those Familiar Places*, Nov. 29), but that's just not going to happen. As the publisher of seven Kurelek books which have sold 400,000 copies in 18 countries,

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply notes, addresses and telephone numbers. All correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 200 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A7.

I know just how powerful is his effect—and how lasting. It is actually only in Canada that art critics deplore Kurelek and pretend he is only for people who know nothing of art. A prominent German art critic, Peter Hartung, wrote the introduction to that edition of the Poems books, and gave art critics called it "a masterpiece." In London, when Canada House gave a Kurelek exhibition in 1978 (largely at the instigation of his U.K. publisher, Collins), not because any Canadian art organization suggested it, it turned out to be the largest-attended art exhibition ever

held at that building. You can criticize, analyze, post-post and try to ignore Bill Kurelek's art all you want—actually it is only the lonely art establishment and the efforts critics in Canada who do it—but there is no defense against its power. It seeps through to touch, pain and move people, even people who know nothing of his tortured childhood and youth. In the end, it is people—and not art establishments—who decide what will last and what they will record to see.

—RAY CUTLER,
President, Toronto Books
Meeting

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A railway town refuses to die



Singer of shillun pond; Montgomery on Saunders Road (below), good times will come again

By David Folster

Eighty-three-year-old Walter Sengster remembers the year he bought a pair of geese and sowed wild rice in the pond near the railway station at McAdams, N.B. It was 1964, and that year marked the pond's debut as a local attraction. When the geese returned in subsequent seasons, "they would bring their friends with them," Sengster explains. Eventually, as many as 60 geese congregated at the pond, which became nearly as big a local attraction as the splendid old station itself. But suddenly, in 1980, the numbers of wildfowl declined. Sengster believes that the birds fell victim to poisonous pesticides sprayed on agricultural crops along their migratory route through the United States. Last summer only three geese came back to Sengster's golden pond.

The fortunes of McAdams have paralleled those of the pond and its geese. Once a Canadian Pacific Railway hometown, the village, 80 km southwest of Fredericton, near the Maine border, has suffered the atrophy that has overtaken many similar communities where existence was staked on a single major employer. Thirty-five years ago there were 630 railway employees in McAdams, now there are only 38. The penultimate blow to the community was delivered 19 months ago when the Georgia-Pacific plywood mill closed, its young 250 per-

son out of work. The mill's closing was followed last year by Via Rail's cancellation of the last two passenger trains through the village, marking the end of nearly 100 years of railway service on the "Short Line" between the Miramichi and Miramist. In September a local plant that manufactured cabin for fuel/oil and front-end loaders laid off



its original staff of the village hall. Funds for the municipal projects have come from both the federal and provincial governments, which consider McAdams a case study of how government can marshal aid for a reconstituted community on a scale unimaginable by the village's railway workers, who suffered through another hard time during the Great Depression. At the City Camp club, where some of the retired railwaymen congregate, William Griffiths, 75, recalls that the CPR's highest wage earner in 1925-1934 could work only 10 days a month, for a total of \$1,000 in yearly earnings, and then "there was no unemployment insurance or pension," he adds. But, when the Georgia-Pacific mill shut down in April 1981, 1981, federal and provincial governments set up a \$300,000 fund that created 30 jobs for 38 weeks.

More help followed, including McAdams' designation as a community eligible for funds from the federal department of industry's \$550-million Industrial Labor Adjustment Program. This year the two levels of government have, so far, pumped more than \$1 million into McAdams. As one measure of the impact, the village's new employment centre, normally numbering six workers, swelled to a summer high of 80. Moreover, with additional grants being sought, studies being commissioned, renovations in progress on the high school and a municipal beautification

plan in the works, it almost seems as though the village will eventually be transformed into a well-grounded middle community—if its economic hard times endure.

As welcome as the government help has been, few McAdams residents really believe that temporary make-work projects can sustain the village forever. "Down deep, I'm just hoping something will come into this town," says Richard Montgomery, who was born in the government-funded project to refurbish the village hall. A native of the area, Montgomery returned to McAdams after a 25-year absence four years ago. "When the mill was booming," and got a job with Georgia-Pacific as a \$1,600-an-hour stockpiler. After the mill closed, he went on unemployment insurance for several months before he "got on the ground"—his job at the village hall for which he was paid \$7 an hour. But for Montgomery the future is uncertain, since the grant ran out two weeks ago. He is facing \$200 a month in mortgage payments on the \$25,000 mobile home that he shares with his wife, Virginia, and his 20-year-old son, Lee, and he is already behind on his utility bills. "The fellow from above will have to look after us," he declares grimly.

Despite the uncertainty of the future, the spirit of McAdams' citizens seems indefatigable. Mayor Frederick Carroll, 35, sounds as though he already has the inside track on divine intervention when he talks about his town's prospects. "Something is going to take place," he confidently predicts. Carroll believes that attracting two or three small "replacement industries" would do much to solve McAdams' crisis.

But the village may also have to exploit more effectively its existing assets—many of which it more obvious than the town's insignificance, but ever-living, children's CPR station. Built from local granite in 1900, the station became a well-appointed showpiece as McAdams grew into the CPR's busiest junction east of Montreal. The station's facilities included everything from a customs office to a dining room and 27-room hotel in the years following the Second World War. 26 passenger trains, en route to Boston, Montreal, Saint John and other points, stopped in the village each day. Today, only freight trains make the through, and the station has not even had a lunch counter since 1978.

In the spring Ottawa's Historic Sites and Monuments Board plans to erect a plaque in a small park in front of the station identifying it as a building of national historic and architectural significance. Villagers have talked of erecting a museum at the station and running steam-train excursions to the old CPR resort town of St. Andrews, 80 km away, where the provincial govern-

ment is developing plans for a park in the former island station of Sir William Cornelius Van Horne, the first president of the CPR. But Frank Carroll says that the steam-train idea "was not well received by the Rail" when the plan was proposed a few years ago. Nonetheless, the mayor clings to the hope that the railway will eventually sustain McAdams in some way. "It's their town, and we expect them to fulfill their commitment," he says. "This community gave its all to the CPR."

Meanwhile, the village and its government citizens are testing the town's potential of the nearby Chignecto-

cook lakes at the head of the St. Croix River. Planners are hopeful that the fishing, hunting and tourism—and the snowbirdness setting will lure visitors from both sides of the border. Notes Vaughan McCloskey "Tourism is the area as should look at for stability." Like McCloskey, most villagers seem confident of McAdams' ability to weather the difficult times. Not readily countenancing premature reports of their town's demise, they believe that, like the Canada goose at the station pond, good times will come again. Declares a contented McCloskey: "We have our spirit and our pride." ☐

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FOLLOW-UP

Testing new hockey ice

When a group headed by shop-buider John McMillan, 64, bought the struggling Colorado Rockies National Hockey League franchise last spring for a record \$30 million, it was the second change of location in the team's open saga of a team that made its debut in 1993 as the Kansas City Scouts. The tag question seven months ago was whether a hopeless hockey team from Denver could find fame and fortune as the re-named New Jersey Devils, playing out of the Meadowlands Sports Complex, just across the Hudson River from Manhattan.

At first New Jersey appeared no more suitable than Denver. A ticket plan that required season seat holders to advance the team a nonrefundable \$2,000 to guarantee annual renewal (in addition to the cost of their seats) did not fare as well as expected. "We goofed," admits McMillan, who then recruited an old friend, honey-throated former baseball announcer Mel Allen, 66, to drum up enthusiasm for the team.

Whether it was the midlifers Allen or the Devils' face mask (three was in their first season game), the club has been drawing an average of 18,000 fans for home games, a considerable improvement on the 7,000 they drew in Colorado. Refers team spokesman Dave Fried: "Thayer's joke that there were more reporters at the opening press conference in New Jersey than there were fans in Colorado." Yet the differences between New Jersey and Colorado go far beyond the cheering crowd. Last year the financial situation was so grim that the team's management could barely afford to replace broken hockey

sticks and last points. This year the players are even practicing in style in the plush facilities of the new Ice World, a \$400,000 sports complex 20 minutes away from Meadowlands. "I think the team is responding to the first-class treatment," says McMillan. "They know we're here to stay."

What is surprising is that fan loyalty continues while the Devils compete for last place. Although so far this season they have had far more losses than wins, the team has shown unwavering determination against such hockey powers as the New York Is-

landers and the Edmonton Oilers. The Devils even managed a win against the New York Rangers. "When you get local rivalry with such good teams, it really helps," explains veteran goalie Glenn Resch. Resch, who remembers a glory from his days as the Islanders' goaltender, remains hopeful about the team's future. After 36 appearances, they had won more games than two of the league's original teams—the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Detroit Red Wings. Says Resch: "With a little luck we could make the playoffs."

—RITA CHRISTOPHER in Hoboken, N.J.

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COLUMN

A call to stop the drift

By Barbara Amiel

It might have taken place in any one of these fifted countries ruled by colonials in anglophone. There on the television screen were the familiar persons. Citizens pushing and shoving to get close to the shrine in the hall. There was a small, angry woman shouting at the camera, "I've got a right to vote." And then in the background were the larger figures of the police.

Except the police were from the Metropolitan Toronto force and they were there not to break heads but to make sure everyone had access to the hall in which the meeting was being held. The world-beaten were not citizens of a banana republic; they were members of Toronto's Broadview-Greenwood Progressive Conservative riding association.

The occasion was another episode in the lesser story of Peter Worthington, the right-of-the editor of the Toronto Star, and his crusade to get into politics. Though defeated for the Conservative nomination in last October's by-election, Worthington went on to run as an Independent, supplanting the official Tory candidate by a margin of about 2 to 1. Ten days ago, while Worthington was tramping through Africa on assignment, his supporters in Broadview-Greenwood came to the riding association's meeting to elect delegates to January's next meeting in Winnipeg.

When they entered the hall was barred to them, they sensed of shaking began. It took the police to guarantee their access to the hall, where, after heated debate, Worthington and his supporters were duly elected to go to Winnipeg convinced to vote for a leadership renewal of Joe Clark. The next day Conservative organizers seemed equally committed to blocking Worthington as a voting delegate.

Was another chapter in a year of unexceptional politics in Canada. Conservatives have been treated to the spectacle of Edmonton tycoon Peter Poilievre's announcing his candidacy to "save" the PC Party. Liberals have tried to contend with a wave of rebellious young party members, offended by the March 1982, reconfirmation of Trudeau's intimate Jim Cullen as official Liberal candidate for the downtown Toronto riding of Spadina, going to Ottawa in June to be named as ambassador.

Regarding the influence of backroom maneuvering in the party.

It has been conventional wisdom for years that Canadians, by and large, have been an apolitical lot. This has often been regarded as a fault. In fact, this reflected one of the great strengths of Canada. For most of its history, the unwieldy thing about Canadian politics was that the game was a given. We knew what we were playing. We were playing free-enterprise liberal democracy.

There were modifications, of course, as in any game. Either of the two major parties in light were the odd Crown corporation, such as the CBC or Canadian National. But this was more a question of rules than of any abrupt change in the essential policy—a debate over whether we should cut four dimes for a 100-year gain or three dimes.

At election time the only choice was who the players should be—not what game they should be playing. Canadians could rightfully be apolitical. There was

'Canadians have been an apolitical lot. Seeing the comfy complacency, government gathered more power unto itself'

nothing to be political about. It was a question of whether the Liberals or Conservatives would carry out the relatively small number of policies that are carried out by a government in a free society. To use an analogy: why is it that most people are not fired up about the election of a dapper? Because, as important as the politician may be to the competing individuals, it has a fairly minimal effect on the lives of most other people—as government one did. In those halcyon days in Canada, even the closest of a voter's contact with a politician was a handshake and a smile. There was no common agreement about the nature of this society that found its expression in the choice. "This is a free country."

The change was gradual and took place in Canada—perhaps in all the Western World—over a period of a couple of decades. As with all gradual change, people barely noticed. Seeing this only complacent society, government quietly moved toward gathering more power unto itself. Areas that had been left to the private sector were now publicly conducted their businesses, from kiting to firing, now we conducted

our personal lives, from our opinions to the values we give our children—slipped into the hands of a regulatory bureaucracy. By now the question has legitimately arisen over what game we are actually playing. Is this to be a free-enterprise liberal democracy, as we were to change to democratic socialism?

It is a separate question that, for some of us, socialism at its best can only be quasi-democratic, given the intrinsic nature of the planned society. A planned society can range from the brutal coercion of the Genghis to the so-called moral majesty of the human rights commission. Between this "good" and "bad" socialism there is a huge difference in the extent of the coercion, and (2) whether you are free to choose your concerns at election time.

It is a great mistake to assume that freedom and democracy are the same thing. Democracy simply allows one to go and vote. Freedom permits to the citizens to do the things that those who govern. For myself, for example, I would prefer to have a Prime Minister Trudeau confirmed as prime minister for life, provided the powers he exercised were restricted to those areas that allowed me the traditional freedom I want to enjoy under liberal democracy.

Nonetheless, Canada changed. If change is gradual, people carry on with their businesses, live lives not discovering a care for career without assuming what is happening and matters reach what scientists refer to as a critical mass. At that point, even the most apolitical citizens realize that government policies are affecting the most personal areas of life. Citizens can no longer afford the luxury of being disinterested. And if, as in Canada, it is perceived that the mainstream parties are less interested in ideas than in the maintenance of power, sometimes the Broadview-Greenwood type is taken place as a wave of change, and a vote on the choice of change, something society—not simply the players.

Statues or socialism, or whatever this new game is now, it should not be stopped at any cost. Some costs, like justice, will be too great. But the message of Broadview-Greenwood and similar phenomena is clear: the game should be stopped or challenged at the cost of some politicians' private ambitions, whether their names be Joe Clark or Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

On Jan. 28, 1983, Barbara Amiel becomes the editor of The Toronto Star.

Dye casts another net

By Carol Goss

Being an accountant who had spent his career stifling his public impulses, Auditor General Kenneth Dye wondered if he dared test his extraordinary writing skills in an annual report. He knew he had to do something to live up to the 400-page investigation into government spending. So he called in one of his deputies, Ed Rowe, to listen to one of his paragraphs. It was one of the most unusual descriptions ever written of what happens when government-owned companies spend out of control. "It may be helpful in visualizing the scale of the problem to think of the whole group [the more than 300 companies in Ottawa under control] as an enormous iceberg floating lazily in the sunny Atlantic, silent, capsize, unknown," Dye read. "The public tends to see only the upper portions, consisting of the giants like CNR, Petrosin, CBC, Air Canada and Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation. The great bulk of the iceberg below the surface is less spectacular, less likely to attract public interest, less likely to receive the attention of Parliament, just oozing to the taxpayers."

Dye smiled expectantly. "What do you think?" he asked. Rowe thought it was brilliant but he had one snagging. He was not sure that the North Atlantic was sunny. So the two accountants changed it to "Foggy Atlantic" and congratulated themselves on their literary handiwork.

When Dye's report was released last week, the government rapidly discovered that it had more than a budding writer on its hands. The 46-year-old Vancouver accountant is too versatile an extraordinary effort and outspoken enough. He believes that if taxpayers are going to pay him \$32,600 a year to sift out waste, sloppiness and scandal in Ottawa, he owes them a prize-winning look at the way the federal works. So far, that has led him into a year-long contest at odds with powerful prime ministerial aide Michael Pitfield over access to cabinet documents, several head-on collisions with right-winged Crown corporation managers and fireless battles with secretive bureaucrats. He accuses the government of running offices in which three out of every 10 employees show up for work in the morning without any clear idea of what they are supposed to do. He says Ottawa



Mr. Rail in Toronto, Petrobrin pumps (below): getting his hands on records



is growing lazier to bid out faltering companies to dangerous, and its habit of channeling millions of taxpayers' dollars into Crown corporations is wrong and menacing. Every time a passenger boards a train, he points out, taxpayers have to pay \$30 into the coffers of Via Rail Canada, a company that shows little evidence of ever becoming viable. In March the government authorized Petro-Canada to spend \$1.5 billion to purchase Petrosin without requiring the state-owned oil company to show that it was a good buy. He warns that he is not afraid to break Ottawa's polite old rules and name senior officials who abuse the public trust. But his real passion is getting into every provincial corner of government mismanagement, an outlet who stands proud. "I believe the law gives me access to everything I need to know," he says delicately.

Even before he became the country's eighth auditor general, Dye showed flashes of the same irreverence. The father of three was flattered when, without warning, he was summoned from his Vancouver accounting firm in the summer of 1981 to come to Ottawa and compete with 300 other accountants for the country's largest auditing job. But his pleasure turned to annoyance when, after four months of delays and uncertainty, the government still had not asked the winner. So he wrote to Ottawa, telling the government to take his name off the list if it could not come up with a decision in two weeks. That got things moving. In less than a month he was brought to Ottawa, interviewed by the prime minister, and confirmed in his new job.

Dye was prepared to take a substantial pay cut and change his lifestyle to become Parliament's spending watchdog but he would not—and still cannot—accept the pockets of secrecy that confronted him at every turn. He worried that the auditor general—just like any private auditor—would have free access to all his client's financial records. Naturally, he wanted the minutes of cabinet meetings in which any economic decisions were made. But Prime Minister Clark Pitfield, who is known as the "document man," balked, insisting that cabinet secrets could not be divulged to an outsider.

The next obstacle he ran up against frustrated Dye even more. He simply could not get a fix on the millions of tax

dollars that the government was pouring into hundreds of state-owned or controlled corporations. There were a staggering 304 Crown companies at last count, most of them answerable to even the most well-informed taxpayer. The corporations spend \$30 billion a year (\$6.4 billion more than the government's controversial deficit), they employ some 355,000 Canadians (more than the entire federal public service, if the secret and armed forces are excluded), and their spin off subsidiaries with abandon.

While the sheer immensity of the mysterious subgovernment worries Dye, he is even more upset by his, and the taxpayers', inability to get the corporations to answer for their actions.

"At present, the degree of parliamentary scrutiny to which Crown corporations are subjected varies from species to species," he declared in his report. Via Rail, for one, refuses to provide reliable financial information to the government although it provided up \$99 million in the past two fiscal years and has underinvested its spending in almost every annual forecast. Dye believes that the elected representatives of the people are practically powerless to manage the ever expanding network. "If [Parliament] is becoming so isolated that it may not be able to exercise its responsibility to taxpayers," he says to reporters. Ministers after Dye's report was public, Treasury Board President Herb Gray urged the opportunity to co-operate with the government in passing a bill to make Crown corporations more accountable to Parliament. But Dye has already said that the legislation falls alarmingly short of what is needed. The Conservatives, meanwhile, insisted that the government should set up a committee to study the problem.

Everywhere he turned Dye encountered a disturbing slowness of basic operating information. He found that a quarter of federal employees do not know what they were expected to do in their jobs. He feared managers who simply feign, or apologize, to evaluate the performance of their workers, leaving the "drones" secure all their desks. When their cars and luggage did not fit, he said, and by indulging in even more colorful writing. It will not make the message any more urgent but it should make it a little easier to digest. □

"How do we know whether these companies are meeting the objectives of the government if they [government officials] don't even have criteria?"

Worried that his report would sound andally nervous, Dye carefully included a passage noting that he had encountered dedicated public servants—bureaucrats who were committed to making the government better and more efficient, and politicians who were learning to pay attention to the bottom line. But, as he said later, "After those three nice paragraphs, I go on to 620 more and describe reality."

If he falls in line as an auditor, Canadian can expect eight more similar reports from Dye. He says he may become the first auditor general to name names.



Auditor General Dye: a polite and effective sweep

of parliamentary in obvious cases of waste or deception. He plans to get into the books of every Crown corporation and force the government to justify its decisions to buy gas stations, bid out shaly companies, and pour money into a passenger rail network that looks as if it will go on losing money forever. He is going to try to brighten up his future reports, too, by adding more graphs and pictures, by breaking his annual bricklike publications into smaller reports on specific trouble spots and by indulging in even more colorful writing. It will not make the message any more urgent but it should make it a little easier to digest. □

Quebec's failed claim to a veto

Long after most Canadians thought the play had closed, the Supreme Court of Canada has finally completed what Justice Minister Mark McGeach calls "the last act in the constitutional drama." In an unanimous judgment last week the nine justices rejected the Quebec government's claim that the country's new Constitution was adopted unconstitutionally because it had not been approved by the provincial legislatures. Nearly eight months after the Queen signed the Constitution Act into law on Parliament Hill, the court's rulings ring down the curtain on a federal-provincial conflict that has raged for years.

In fact, the court fully endorsed the status of the Constitution Act, solemnly asserting that "its legality is neither challenged nor assailable." Then it went on to dispose with Quebec's argument, based on two propositions: either a unanimous provincial consent was necessary before Parliament could properly pass the constitution resolution, or Quebec, as the embodiment of French life and culture in Canada, held a traditional veto over any such constitutional change. The court ruled that "a substantial measure of provincial consent" was indeed necessary to fulfil constitutional convention. But that phrase "means less than unanimity." The justices added that Quebec had "failed completely" to show that a convention existed to support its claim to a veto. One test of a convention is its acceptance by the participants—in this case the prime minister and premiers. And Quebec had offered no evidence that such acceptance was ever granted by either the federal or other provincial governments.

René Lévesque, the only leader who did not agree to the new Constitution at the first ministers' conference in November 1982, immediately made it clear he would not even entertain the political battle over Quebec's place in Canada. Said the Quebec premier after the ruling: "We are nothing more than an island society that lives at the will of another people." He also seemed ready to revive the independence movement since the referendum on sovereignty-association. Charged Lévesque: "I kind of consider in my mind the absolute necessity of getting a correction of not just the constitutional aberrant but a correction of the referendum itself to revive the independence movement." "We did the best that we could," said Lévesque, "but we haven't lost the future." Clearly, the Supreme Court has not had the last word.

—JOHN HAY IN OTTAWA

Aftermath of a spy trial

The Mounties called in Operation Red Pepper—the ousting of the spy Hugh Hamilton. For more than three years it unfolded with the irresistible melodrama of a paperback thriller. Last week it finally reached a climax in the No. 1 court of London's Old Bailey, where Hamilton, 69, was convicted of espionage and sentenced to spend the next 10 years in a British prison. But, in Ottawa, where the story began, the episode is still being written as politicians take a hard new look at Canada's allegedly antiseifish Official Secrets Act.

The tension at the spy trial did not

hasten. Within a day, Hamilton had conceded that he actually had sent Moscow some of NATO's most secret documents. "Then you were saying for Russia," Havers challenged. Replied Hamilton: "I suppose it could be classified that way."

The next morning, defence lawyer John Lloyd-Bell called for the charge to be read again and Hamilton responded quietly from the dock: "Guilty." That court covered Hamilton's years working at NATO headquarters in Paris, from 1954 to 1961. A second, wider charge, covering the period 1946-75, was held in abeyance.

says that, by telling Hamilton, the Mounties were able to extract, for the first time, Hamilton's admission that he had supplied Moscow with "great volumes of NATO material... and that a lot of that information was very highly classified." The tactic also meant that Hamilton could not be prosecuted in Canada, because asserting him of non-prosecution amounted to an "admission" that would discredit the evidence in any trial.

Among the oddities in the case is the warning that Kaplan says the Mounties gave Hamilton against flying to Britain. Canadian justice department sources say that British authorities themselves asked the RCMP to tell Hamilton he would get a "hostile reception." But even Justice officials are still baffled by Britain's indirect warning to Hamilton to stay away.

Along with all the evidence gathered in Canada, British police met Hamilton last June at Heathrow Airport and subsequently took a statement from him which ran to an astonishing 200 pages. Officers familiar with the case have difficulty explaining why Hamilton was so talkative, although his evasive behavior was certainly typical. Kaplan justified it by portraying Hamilton as "a very strange man." Even Hamilton's friend Lloyd Delancey conceded after visiting him in London last week, while in custody, he was still "loving" "a world of myths and fantasies."

Hamilton's statements to the press and British police were full of week-making detail (invitable writing, called forth by glee from his Soviet sympathies), as well as a touch of self-aggrandizement. The claim that he had died in 1975 in Moscow with Vera Andropov, then the top chief and now the Kremlin boss, collapsed under cross-examination. His secret trip to Moscow, Hamilton at least got further than his father, who had applied for a Soviet visa while he was a Canadian Press agency correspondent in London during the 1930s. The visa was denied.

The opportunity in the Commons last week was still exercised over Canada's inability to prosecute its own spy. The answer may be partly in the Official Secrets Act. Although it is almost alien to the British statute, Canada's act has been seriously interpreted in past court cases. The last two prosecutions both failed in court. Justice department lawyers are trying to draft a new law that would protect the state's interests without impinging unacceptably on individual rights. But a new bill is not expected for several months. In the meantime, Hamilton faces his long prison sentence while the other spies, and spy ratners, slip back into their own "world of myths and fantasies."

—JOHN HAY in Ottawa.

An endorsement or a finesse?



Clark and Mulroney making up: marching together at head as far as Winnipeg

It was a declaration of independence that started and intruded the divided Conservative party. In a crowded salon of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal last week, they star Brian Mulroney pledged his allegiance to leader Joe Clark because the party should be "getting on with the business of forming a government." Seated beside his longtime rival, a beaming Clark declared that Mulroney's backing was "most timely," because it comes on the brink of a late-January party meeting in Winnipeg at which delegates will be asked whether or not they want a leadership convention. "It's helped to me and it's helped to the party," Clark admitted. The guard's idealism was also likely to be helpful to Mulroney—on matter what happens in Winnipeg.

Meanwhile, in a party riddled with factions, the novelty of the postwarkeeping release provoked delight in the Clark camp, momentary despair in the anti-Clark camp and another burst of gossip in the ongoing leadership saga.

The seeds for Mulroney's surprising conversion were sown last

July when he joined ex-minister Ian Gomp, former PC Canada House chairman Philip MacDonald and three other Tories at a northern Quebec fishing camp. During the frank late-night talk sessions, Gomp spoke eloquently and passionately about the need for politicians to get the people of the nation and the party ahead of personal gain. He also raised about his involvement in the 1967 convention that renounced former Tory leader John Diefenbaker and he pointed out that the party never formed in which, or "Surrender," as Diefenbaker described them.

Mulroney, the president of the first Co of Canada, was apparently affected by Gomp's idealism and by his practical advice. But he had no contact in Clark's inner circle until MacDonald joined the office last month. In late November Mulroney asked MacDonald to launch in Toronto and, over dessert, he displayed the handwritten text of the statement that he delivered 10 days later. Mulroney said: "I was delighted, absolutely delighted," says MacDonald. "There were no demands and

no deals—and that statement means a lot. For every one letter that this party gets saying there will be no money until there is a new leader, there are 50 saying in that say there will be no money until you get your act together. Mulroney's move is the first concrete example of the party moving in a united way."

For Clark the benefits are clear. In spite of his party's high standings in the polls, the anti-Clark faction has flourished. Early this month House Leader Brian Mulroney provided a minor morale boost by branding the anti-Clark forces as traitors to the party. And last week, Toronto Star Editor Peter Warkentin, who was unapologetically against his party as an Independent in an October by-election, sparked another division showdown when Clark supporters challenged him to attend the January meetings as a delegate. Although Clark requires the approval of only 14 per cent of the delegates to avoid a convention, his backers are aiming to improve as a 1981 vote when fully one-third of the delegates called for a leadership convention. Accordingly, when one of the most attractive contenders for his position and that Clark should be kept on the job, it was not surprising that the leader grumbled. Nonetheless, Clark should not count too much on Mulroney's backing. Last November two Mulroney men shared the only two contested posts on the executive of the party's Quebec wing. This, in turn, ensured that the majority of the Quebec delegates to the Winnipeg meeting will be Mulroney supporters. When Mulroney was asked last week if he will urge Quebec delegates to support Clark, he replied that he will not try to impose his view as their. "That means Joe had better not try to take Mulroney's backing in the back as evidence," said a member of the national executive.

For Mulroney the benefits are equally tangible. If Clark wins the January vote and then wins the next election, Mulroney will be an honored friend and, at best, a cabinet minister. If Clark loses the January vote—or the next election—Mulroney can run for the leadership with clean hands and wide eyes. In the interval the anti-Clark forces are divided about the significance of his move. "It had a very deflating effect on me—review people internally but it has been absorbed and nothing has changed," says a senior party executive who does not support Mulroney. A key Mulroney backer counters that "the bottom line is that Joe Clark has got to be endorsed, but he really got fanned by a master chess move." Meanwhile, whatever the long-term meaning, Canadians could be assured that the long, cold winter will not be dull.

—MARY JACQUES in Ottawa.



Numbance (left): Kaplan, Operation Red Pepper, baffling questions

break with the seventh and final day of testimony with Hamilton on the stand. Up to that point the Liberal University economist had attempted a surprising and even daring defence against five charges of spying for the Soviet Union he testified that he had really been a double agent, feeding the KGB declared documents from NATO headquarters with the co-operation of French and Canadian counterintelligence agents. From the start, it was a barely credible account and it crumbled under a barrage cross-examination by Britain's attorney general, Sir Michael

The public side of Operation Red Pepper first surfaced in 1979, when the RCMP Security Service raided Hamilton's mother's Ottawa home, seized some coding equipment, and took him in for questioning. By January, 1985, however, government lawyers had concluded that they did not have sufficient evidence to mount a prosecution—an opinion confirmed on April 25, 1980, by Justice Minister Jean Chrétien. At that point, the Security Service told Hamilton of the justice department's conclusion that he could not be prosecuted. Solicitor General Robert Kaplan

Camp's fishing expedition



Why northerners are crying wolf

Keeping the wolf from the door in Canada's most northerly territories, Whitehorse and Yellowknife, has gone beyond economic metaphor to grim reality. Wolves have slaughtered more than 15 horses and 25 dogs in the Yukon in the past six months, and packs of as many as 30 wolves have been sighted roaming the outskirts of Whitehorse. While no humans have yet been attacked, at least half a dozen dogs have been killed in the Yellowknife area. Parents in both territories are fear for the lives of their children as well as their pets. The image of *Gone with the Wind* has not been this bad since the untimely end of Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

Patty Tule, details of wolf attacks are all over the place. A Yellowknife school, Bob Pinning, and his wife were jolted awake at 6 a.m. recently by the whining and barking of their three large-sleigh dogs. Pinning found one dog dripping blood from wounds that required 25 stitches to close. He immediately borrowed a gun from a friend in case the wolf returned. Two Whitehorse women also stood guard with shotguns after their children's puppies were dragged from their suburban backyards and killed. Dismembering freeways is illegal in both cities, but special dispensation has been granted.

Other Yukon solutions are proving upsetting. Last last month the Yukon minister of renewable resources, Howard Toney, announced a \$50,000 wolf-control program. Most of the money is to be spent shooting the animals from helicopters, setting out traps, and poisoning them with chunks of horsemeat laced with strychnine or other toxins. Government biologists promise that the lethal bait will be set out only on frozen lakes at least four kilometres from towns. But the control strategy has caused an outcry from the Opposition New Democratic Party and the Yukon Conservation Society, who maintain that the abandoned practice has killed untargeted organisms, such as birds, mink, coyotes and foxes.

While the controversy continues, the Northwest Territories evoked less drastic measures. Thanks to a program already dubbed *Die-a-Wolf*, Yellowknife residents can call an official number to report sightings.

The doves at the antiwolf campaign are experts like Doug Heard, a caribou and wolf biologist with the N.W.T. wildlife service, who says, "There is no documented case of wolves attacking people

in North America." Heard suggests that anyone who encounters a wolf should make the most of it by getting out a camera and taking a picture.

Now that 14 wolves have been shot or trapped in the Yukon and 14 have been taken in the Yellowknife area, what others regard as the wolf menace seems not to be dissuaging. However, a still-shaken Bob Pinning warns, "The problem may be over temporarily, but I suspect it's going to be a tough winter and more wolves will come in."

—SANDRA SOOTHYFF in Yellowknife, with Leah Cole in Whitehorse.

The gold rush comes to an end

When Whitehorse Copper Mines sees the old year out by flipping off the last switch at its mill on Dec. 31, it will leave the Yukon without an operating mine for the first time since the 1898 gold rush. The company's 130 workers will join almost 2,000 Yukonians now waiting in line for unemployment insurance benefits. Whitehorse Copper is closing because

prices have fallen below production costs and the mine is in the red.

The 35,000 people who live in the Yukon are a steady breed. Many newcomers are attracted to the territory because of its expense of wilderness. But this fall their basic-to-the-land skills were put to the test, as many people hunted and fished to fill the larder. Demand for cordwood has also increased substantially as dozens of Yukonians convert to wood heat. The largest wood-stove dealer in Whitehorse reported a 30-per-cent increase in sales this fall, and Greer says that domestic woodstove

permits increased by about 40 per cent, from 502 to 979. "Nobody has any money, and if you're not doing anything else it's a lot easier to cut your own wood," says Greer.

Conservation officers reported that they had never seen so many people out hunting moose in some areas as there were this year. And, while in other years mine workers may have done it for sport, "they have had a little more desperately this year," said Dave Toney, economic geologist for Whitehorse Copper.

While the territory's largest mine,

Cypress Avell, closed its head-stake operation in June in June, it took with it 600 jobs and an estimated 40 per cent of the Yukon's economy. Almost half of the community's 2,000 residents have left. Some have moved out to summer cabins on Little Salmon Lake, about 60 km northwest of the town, to save the rent that they would have spent in town. The 30 families on Little Salmon are the lucky ones. In 1991, the town of Bytown, the number of the legislative assembly for Fair. They have experienced Yukon life and are weathering the economic storm. "It's the young families that are really suffering," he says. They have to sleep in tents because their children are in school and they have ongoing expenses that cannot be reduced. With neither a pension for food and fuel, notes Dyblow, "It's really tough to live on it if you have a family."

Many Yukonians, however, are cheerful about circumstances that southern Canadians would find oppressive. Jake Beckley, 30, was an underground miner at the United Kennel Hill silver mine in Elba, 40 km north of Whitehorse, for eight years, until the mine closed indefinitely in July. Beckley feels that there is a mild boom going on in the nearby Keno City mining settlement, which has attracted recently laid-off workers from other company towns. They arrive looking for empty cabins where they can live more cheaply. Now, there is a sense of community. "It makes it quite livable up here," says Beckley. "A lot of people have never lived in the bush before and they're doing pretty good—they have all had to live. Today's Copper City in Keno City seemed to be a good thing this winter. Fuel used to be subsidized by the company, but manager Rita Allen says that she had to pick up the \$15-a-gallon charge herself. The change to wood heat has meant a 30-per-cent reduction in fuel costs. Whitehorse pilot Mark Wedge, a Yukoner born and raised, remembers the territory before the mining boom of the 1970s and he takes the recent setback in stride. "It's just last year the Yukon has been on the go, and anyone could come in and make money," says Wedge. "But, when hard times come, those people fall by the wayside."

Although Allen, the air charter company that employed him, has a variety of clients, business suffered when mining exploration slowed by two-thirds this year. Wedge was not laid off until early this month but he had already sold a moose and installed a wood stove in his time off. Now he is going to work his mother's trip for the winter to bring in a little extra cash. Says Wedge, people who have lived here more than 30 years "know how to live down and they know how to live now."

—LESLIE COLE in Whitehorse



What ever happened to us

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Little House on the Prairie

He who spares the rod hates his son, but he who loves him is diligent to discipline him.

—Proverbs, 13:24

Married on the last day of 1938, Roy and Jean Legendyke vowed that their home would become a haven for unwanted children. Today they have 27 children, 22 of whom are adopted, many from foreign countries. In addition to their own children, the Legendykes (pronounced lie-n-dik-eh) have housed almost 250 children in their Cremona, Alta, home, which sits on a half section of land 60 miles northwest of Calgary. Members of the Ministry Church, an evangelical group, Roy, 51, and Jean, 55, have relied on Providence to provide and the word of God, as revealed in the Bible, to guide their lives. The family includes, a yellow school bus filled with children, is a family sight in the area. As a result, the community was rocked when the Legendykes were jailed for four days late last month after being charged with a total of six counts of assault against children under their care and two counts of possession of a dangerous weapon (Wagons mentioned included a small paddle, a bunch of keys, binder wire and wire.)

Since then, the couple have been the centre of a furious debate about the extent to which parents have the right to discipline their children by spanking them and the extent to which the government has the right to interfere in the private affairs of a family. Hundreds of people were expected to attend a "Support the Family" rally planned for the Cremona Community Center last weekend. "The more at stake is far greater than a debate about the use and severity of corporal correction and the rally, relative to area parents." "We are facing a situation where responsible parents are being stopped by the state of their freedom to raise and educate their children as they see fit."

The Legendykes are accustomed to de-

bates about child-rearing practices. They started taking in foster children in 1961, often taking in the tough cases that no one else wanted. In 1968, when the Alberta social services department tried to restrict the number of foster children in a home, the Legendykes protested and won. In 1973, in a disagreement with social services over foster parent policies, they stopped taking in foster children. Instead, they prayed for



Roy and Jean Legendyke and current family: all of us must learn to submit.

children to be sent their way if that was, indeed, their vocation. It was at that time that they adopted their first foreign children, three Colombian orphans. Next, they applied to adopt Cambodian refugee children. After repeated rejections by social services, the couple appealed directly to Alberta Premier Peter Loughe's office, and their application was granted.

However, social services postponed the arrival of the Cambodian children after an investigation was launched into complaints by a 16-year-old runaway girl living with the Legendykes that she had been abused. Eventually, a three-man commission cleared the couple. In September, 1974, they then

flew to San Francisco to pick up four Cambodian babies, Matthew, Michael (they already have Mark in the family), Julie and John. In 1975 the couple set up a foundation and signed all their land and possessions over to the Cremona Valleyview Children's Homes Society.

The Legendykes never advertised, but word of the foundation spread. Soon, parents from California to Montreal asked the couple to take in their screaming children. Volunteers came to work at the home from all over the world, and church groups (Methodists, Baptists and United) placed individuals in donating money, food, clothing and help.

By last spring there were more than 40 children living in the 28-bedrooms home. In turn, the children worked hard, mending shoes, feeding chickens and handling other farmyard chores.

On Nov. 26, after a six-month investigation, including a search of the home, the state arrested and charged the Legendykes. Reasoned on their own recognition, the couple awaits a preliminary hearing on Feb. 7. Meanwhile, all the youngsters other than their own and adopted children have been removed from the home, and three social workers have been placed in the residence on a 24-hour basis.

Referring to the Bible, the Legendykes make no apologies for using physical force to discipline their children. "We're not trying to hide the fact that we spank our children," Jean Legendyke told reporters. "We have some of the most beautiful children in the

country, who display good behavior because we are enough to discipline them." And Roy Legendyke notes that many of the children who came under the couple's care were totally undisciplined when they arrived. "No matter how difficult it is to young people, all of us must learn to submit," he says. "In our case we must submit to the law of the land. In the case of the children, they must submit to the rules of the house." But, he enforces that submission. "Too many parents are being a wonderful father in the morning and then a terrible father in the evening because of the house." And, more important, who should be the judge?

—Gordon Linton is Cremona.

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WORLD

Zia stops at a friendly port

Gen. Muhammad Zia ul-Haq, the dagger military ruler of Pakistan, is fond of quoting an old Urdu proverb: "When you are living in the sea, you cannot ignore the sharks." Five years after seizing power in a coup, the diminutive 58-year-old Zia, who last week made an official visit to Washington, is acutely aware of his neighboring predators. To the north, in Afghanistan, 100,000 Soviet troops are holed up there, possibly poised for a strike to the Persian Gulf. To the west, a revolutionary Iran threatens the stability of the entire Islamic world. To the east spreads the military machine of his ancient adversary, India. A shrewd politician, Zia has charted a cautious course for his own survival. Under United Nations auspices, he has entered "indirect" negotiations for a political solution in Afghanistan. To emphasize the Iranian message, he has strengthened ties with the Gulf sheikhdoms and maintains military training units in Saudi Arabia. And, very slowly, he has begun to offer a tentative olive branch toward New Delhi.

But Zia's most important move—at

least since the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—has been a deliberate tilt toward better relations with Washington. That task, underscored last week with the Pakistan leader's warm welcome at the White House, promises to bring him \$12 billion in U.S. economic and military aid. Over the next six years he will receive a fleet of 40 new F-16s, among the best fighter planes in the Pentagon's catalogue.

Zia is not an ideal choice for a U.S. ally. Married life still reigns in his nation. An estimated 1,000 political prisoners are behind bars. Opponent parties are closely watched and sometimes harassed. Often-promised national elections have been often postponed. The domestic press, while nominally free, seldom strays far from Islamabad's line. And the Islamic law that governs Pakistan is by Western standards, conspicuously harsh. "I have no misgivings," said Zia last year. "I am a military—militarist in Western terminology—a dictator, a self-assured head of state."

Still, Zia is—through Washington's lens—the last remaining barrier

against the Kremlin's push to the Indian Gulf. If his human rights record is stained, it compares favorably with that of his predecessor, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, whom Zia first deposed and then put to death. Russia, what and rice crops and a steady inflow of currency from millions of Pakistanis working abroad have made the economy strong. At the same time, Pakistan's six-per-cent rate of growth is envied in the Third World. As other dictators have learned before him, relative affluence is a potent antidote to discontent.

For Washington, imperfect though Zia may be, he is still better than any available alternative. To both partners, the "American connection," as Zia calls it, is less a marriage of convenience than of necessity.

As a result, Zia's state visit was conducted with all the pomp and ceremony that would accord a real alliance. The White House declined to raise the issue of human rights violations, confident that congressional foreign affairs panels would carry the threat more directly, advising Zia to ease up on econ-

omic aid or put the U.S. aid parcel in jeopardy.

Congress did just that. And Zia responded by claiming that his military regime was actually more democratic than Bhutto's rule had been. "If all goes well," he added, the country might be ready for elections in two or three years—a vague promise, but enough to silence his American critics. That is unlikely to still detractors in Capitol during the five days Zia will spend in the country this week.

Another potential grievance was smoothed before the visit began. The first six F-16s were ready for delivery but Islamabad refused to accept the planes, claiming that they lacked the most advanced electronics. It is not clear whether or not the compromise will be accepted, but the issue was declared resolved by both sides before Zia's first meeting with Secretary of State George Shultz.

Still, Washington remains concerned about Pakistan's nuclear energy program. A nuclear reactor has already been built with Canadian technology at Karachi. Zia insisted repeatedly last week that his motives are industrial, not military, and that Pakistan needs to diversify its energy sources. "Of course, we accept that the threat of Pakistan is adding the 'wild' to a very administrative official," he said. But his assurances did not still suspicions that reactor fuels might eventually be used to build an atomic bomb. The doubts persist, partly because Pakistan, like India, has refused international safeguards.

But the resurgence of last week's talks was the Soviet presence in Afghanistan and how to end it. Zia held an hour-long meeting with the new Soviet minister, Yuri Andropov, a month ago. Almost all of that discussion dealt with the Afghan situation. The general accepted believing that Moscow is prepared to seek a political solution to its three-year struggle to suppress the Muslim rebels—"a sort of feasibility," he said it, in a speech to the Foreign Policy Association in New York. Still, he continued against optimism. "We have no proof, no indications, no promises," he said. "I do not see a quack or a very early solution."

The state department agreed with his cautious tone, predicting that the next six months would bring no change in the situation. It also discussed suggestions that Zia would be willing to accept Soviet troops in the region.

Such a move, however, is far from likely in Kabul. Zia is fully resolved to negotiate directly with Karmal, and, unless a new leader can somehow be placed in power in Pakistan's cramped neighbor, Zia's position on the front line in Asia is likely to remain precarious.

Michael Posner in Washington

SOUTH AFRICA

Soft talk and a big stick



South African troops hope for regional stability was overshadowed by the raid

In the dead of night five helicopters swooped down on Lusaka, the peaceful capital of impoverished Lesotho, the day, independent nation surrounded by South Africa. More than 100 South African soldiers poured out of the machines, wrapped in colorful Basotho tribal blankets, their white faces blacked with foot polish. In five hours of terror last Thursday, across the river from rich town areas in South Africa's Orange Free State, the invaders swept the city of 50,000 with machine guns, machine-guns and grenades, killing 42 people. Shortly after the troops retreated, South Africa's chief of armed forces, Gen. Christiaan Viljoen, issued a terse bulletin claiming that the mission had successfully cleaned out guerrillas of the African National Congress (ANC), an underground organization dedicated to the overthrow of the apartheid government.



But the raid was part of a recent pattern of South African attacks on its neighbors, but, as the first against Lesotho, it flamed hopes for regional reconciliation which had suddenly risen after a promising and unprecedented face-to-face meeting the previous day between South African and Angolan leaders over the future of war-torn Namibia. Pretoria clearly had decided that, in Lesotho's case, armed might was a more effective tool than diplomacy. Certainly, nothing stood in the path of the South Africans. As one South African military officer boasted, "We may not be a superpower but we are the power that counts."

Pretoria's military superiority, however, was not matched by South African confidence-gathering before the raid. In at least two incidents, the raiders clashed head-on with new guerrillas, killing 13 Lesotho citizens, including Cecilia Sekelele, a 28-year-old mother of two, who was shot in the chest and killed when she looked out her window after the raiding started.

But, if the killings provoked outrage

in Lesotho, the country's unique situation prevented it from dropping them. The nation of 1.8 million is almost totally dependent on its past neighbor for survival. Many of Lesotho's citizens work in South Africa's gold mines, while thousands of white vacationers from the Orange Free State pour into Lesotho's coastline and parks for winter holidays. Even the gang, 5,000 men Lesotho Paramilitary Unit was a model of South Africa's predominance when it remained in its barracks throughout the attack.

The assault clearly resembled other South African operations in the region, including a nearly identical raid on ANC targets in Maputo, the capital of Mozambique, in 1986. The government of Prime Minister P.W. Botha has developed a policy of survival through superior military operations against neighboring states suspected of acting as staging grounds for ANC guerrillas. For their part, black national claim that Pretoria is supporting rebel movements in its own territories. Mozambique asserts that Pretoria backed a Mozambique Resistance Movement bomb attack last week on an air depot on the part of Beira. That attack had the additional effect of threatening the oil supplies of another black state, Zimbabwe, whose prime minister, Robert Mugabe, claims that local rebels responsible for recent destabilization raids have been trained and supplied by South Africa. Lesotho's prime minister, Lesiba Jantjane, also accuses South Africa of aiding the rebel Lesotho Liberation Army.

The end glimmer of hope in southern Africa was the long-running talks over independence for Namibia. After last week's secret meeting between South African Foreign Minister P. W. Botha and Angolan Interior Minister Manuel Alexandre Rodrigues in the Cape Verde Islands, observers had expressed surprise that South Africa was directly negotiating with Angola, which is usually relied on Washington as an intermediary. But any hope that the meeting would promote regional stability was overshadowed within hours by the Maseru raid.

For the time being, Maseru is quiet. The Christmas tourist season is under way, and shops are open, and business is booked. But there is lingering bitterness. It is a town the size of Maseru everyone wants to know how far residents. The dead were well known, and some had lived there for as long as 50 years. Said one Maseru resident: "The people—not just the ANC people—are hurt and angry." The unattended effort at the South African strike may turn out to be the cultivation of even more enemies.

—ALFRED SARACH
in Johannesburg

THE UNITED STATES

Back to the MX drawing board

By a margin far greater than had been predicted, the House of Representatives last week voted to kill \$800 million in expenditures for the first five MX missiles—the Pentagon's new and controversial intercontinental ballistic system. By most measures, the vote was a rude rebuke to the Reagan administration, which had lobbied intensely to keep the funds in the 1983 defense budget. With 50 Republicans abandoning the party line, Congress, for the first time, denied the president a major request. And it did it in the field of national security, where legislators traditionally defer to executive judgment. As an arm of President Ronald Reagan's relations with the 88th Congress, which convenes Jan. 3, the decision could hardly be regarded as encouraging. It was, said Reagan, "a grave mistake." Added the president: "I had hoped that...the House had answered to the threat facing the United States. That hope was apparently unfounded. A

"There is a strong consensus to increase the military budget. All we're talking about is the range of increase."

The final House figure is roughly \$15 billion less than the administration's request, but it still grants a six-per-cent increase over inflation—in defense spending. Moreover, many House members expected less to the MX deal than to the proposed "demon pact" basing plan. In that, they have some powerful Pentagon supporters (three of the five past chiefs of staff voted against the proposal). But longtime defense critic Les Aspin (D-Wis.) argued that the "no is alive and well." With a more credible budget system, he suggested, he would support it.

The central issue, which several administrations have failed to answer, is whether, because of advances in weapon guidance and accuracy, any land-based missile still has a reasonable chance of surviving a first strike.

If Washington does finally build the



Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger (left) outlines a doubtful strategic advantage

majority chase to go shopkeeping into the future? Still, the vote itself may be less significant than it seems. Even its opponents conceded that it was clearly a vote against a single weapon, not against the entire Reagan military budget. Indeed, one day after the MX vote the House overwhelmingly approved the administration's \$221-billion defense program. In the process it retained some \$2.5 billion for MX research and development and turned aside amendments aimed at slashing funds for the B-1 bomber and two senior aircraft carriers. Said Tom Foley (D-Wash.), the majority whip

in, it will not enjoy a strategic advantage for long. Soviet Defense Minister Dmitry Ustinov promised last week that Moscow would deploy its own new ICBM "in the same class." In fact, such a missile—believed to be a three-stage version of the missile 30-32—was reportedly test-fired successfully within the past month. But for now, at least, the vote will be confined to the Pentagon's drawing boards. The Senate this week is expected to follow the House lead and cut production funds—a clear signal that, in the MX deployment shop, a new design is needed.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington



Union President Webster: the way top Teamsters brought back the Teamsters

A trial for the Teamsters

In January, 1979, a team of 60 FBI agents began unspooling the telephone taps of Casper insurance executive Alan Dorfman. The original target was the Casa Norte, for whom Dorfman was allegedly a front man in buying interests in Las Vegas casinos. But the taps turned up another quarry—Ray Leo Williams, the 67-year-old president of the nation's largest and most powerful union, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Last week a Chicago jury began deliberating a verdict in a two-month trial of Williams, Dorfman and three others on charges of attempting to bribe then U.S. Senator Howard Cannon.

The government's case was built largely on information contained in FBI tapes of Dorfman's conversations during a 14-month period. On the basis of that evidence, the defendants were accused of conspiring to help Cannon purchase—at below market value—5.5 acres of Las Vegas real estate, then owned by the Teamsters pension fund.

In return, according to the prosecution, the senator was expected to help in shakedown, breaking deregulation legislation, then working its way through Congress. In the end, whatever conspiracy existed, failed. Cannon's \$1.6-million bid for the property was rejected as too low by the government-appointed auctioneer of the pension fund. And, while the senator managed to transfer the trucking bill from the Senate judiciary committee to the commerce panel, which he chaired, Cannon moved passage of the legislation just days before the 100-hour word that he was under investigation.

Cannon, defeated in last month's election after four terms, escaped indictment. But, at a January 1979, meeting with Williams and Dorfman, "You fellows will take care of that property thing?" To which Williams, then a vice-president, replied, "Don't worry, it's all taken care of." Other government witnesses testified that Teamsters officials tried to persuade another Las Vegas businessman to drop a higher bid for the tract. And, in a wrapped conversation played in the courtroom, Dorfman gossiped Williams as telling Cannon: "You got the property, senator. Don't worry about it. It's our property—you see." As a result, the government contended that, even though the deal fell through, the accused believed that arrangements had been given on both sides.

In his defense, Williams—the only defendant to take the stand—pleaded amnesia. He conceded that the language and the voice were his own but repeatedly claimed that he could not recall the conversations. After reading an airtight transcript, in which he told credentialed co-conspirator William Wehrle, "I thought it was all signed, sealed and delivered," the Teamsters boss testified, "I just don't know, I just don't know." Cannon seemed to suffer from the same affliction.

After dismissing the jury one day last week, trial judge Preston Marshall observed: "I just don't know who is telling the truth. I think we're going to let the jury decide that."

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington

U.S.

The troubles strike an oasis

New Bath Beach was celebrating her 26th birthday. Seated with friends at the Droppie Villa Inn, a popular pub in the village of Balylly, by 130 km west of Belfast, Dron, a factory witness attendant, watched a dance-dance contest along with 150 other onlookers, many of them British soldiers and their dates. Just past 23 minutes before closing time, a seven-kilogram bomb ripped through a glass wall, sending the pub's concrete roof crashing down on the revelers. In the flood aftermath of the blast, rescuers pulled 16 shattered bodies—11 of them soldiers—and 46 injured victims from the wreckage. Dron was among the dead. Said the rescuer who found her body: "Both her legs and one arm were gone," and had her face was blown away.

The Balylly attack was the latest incident in a wave of violence that has swept the province since the Oct. 21 Ulster Assembly elections. In the past two months, 43 people have died, shelling from British tanks and the IRA's use of home rule in the region. The Irish National Liberation Army, an extreme Marxist faction of the IRA, has claimed responsibility for at least nine of the deaths. And the IRA admitted responsibility for last week's massacre.

Official reaction on the Balylly bombing was swift. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher condemned it as "an act of callous and brutal men." At the same time, 43 detainees were assigned to the task of finding the killers. It is one of the largest man investigations since the Ulster violence began. But, weeks' end, they had made little progress. Meanwhile, in Balylly, a tiny community of 1,000, the villagers were contemplating the impact of the Droppie Villa Inn loss of years of tranquil coexistence between neighbors of differing religious persuasions. Until last week the village had been largely untouched by Ulster's agony. President and Roman Catholic businessmen clustered together at one of Ulster's few interdenominational primary schools. Not only that, but presentations of troops from the nearby Shankilltown barracks have been welcomed into village life. Said former IRA member and chairman Jim McManis: "Our community is resilient enough to cope with this without falling apart." Perhaps. But that is precisely the kind of trust and co-operation that the IRA and its affiliates are determined to destroy. So far, the strategy has been children's game.

—BOB ROSEWELL in Belfast



Polen at mass during funeral of Jan Jurek, uncertainly clouds the church's future role

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Poland's tense revival

By Peter Lewis

The warning was distressingly accurate: a warning, however worded, admonition that "this call is monitored." Poland's 3,438,706 private telephone users did not need a reminder. Nor did they need any reprobation of the lesson learned since Dec. 13, 1981. A year after Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski imposed martial law, Poland has indeed been "normalised," to comply with Eastern Europe's authoritarian Communist style of government, its experiment with trade unions and liberalisation effectively lifted. As Jaruzelski recently declared with confidence, "Con-

ditions in the country are now stable."

The dispiriting truth of that observation has become increasingly clear. The wave of strikes and riots that followed the declaration of martial law, resulting in the deaths of 80 people, has spent itself. By detaining more than 10,000 dissidents and charging 3,626 others (the official count) with martial law offences, the regime has shattered the opposition. By outlawing Solidarity, it has left the union's charismatic leader, Lech Walesa, to search for a constituency among a scattered membership under constant threat from new "anti-parasite" laws that effectively block the regime's opponents from organising. The Russian Catholic Church is trapped

in a cruel dilemma: how to retain the loyalty of its deeply religious flock while maintaining for its own survival and attempting to salvage what it can from the wreckage. In the constant battle for existence against official restrictions, food shortages and steep price increases, Poles have learned to live without their dreams.

For days experts forecast the imminent lifting of martial law. In Washington last week President Ronald Reagan said he would welcome such a move but would be looking for real change, not pretence. In Brussels for a NATO foreign ministers meeting, Secretary of State George Shultz echoed his host's warning. Jaruzelski himself told Polish miners



that the military council had agreed to have the 1982 "Amnesty" martial law issue. Added the premier: "We intend to lift the militarisation of enterprises while retaining definite legal norms to regulate the transition period."

The easing of the regime's heavy-handed domination will almost certainly be gradual. On Sunday Gen. Jurek Jaruzelski, the Communist Party's chief political officer, said that, although the relaxation process will begin this week—the first anniversary of martial law—the authorities will adopt special powers to prevent any internal threat to security. Said the general: "There is pessimism and fear of possible resurgence of hostile forces and antisocial elements, a return to the tensions and anarchy known before last Dec. 13."

Still, relaxation is unavoidable. Even under the threat of martial law, Poles have known that Solidarity has changed the face of their country irrevocably, and nothing will ever be the same again. For his part, Jaruzelski left two questions unanswered: how the country will eventually be governed, and what part, if any, Walesa and the unions will be allowed to play.

Decried Traditionally, the government machine has operated under the rigid control of the Communist Party secretary and the Politburo. But that tradition was destroyed by the foundation and subsequent formal recognition of Solidarity in 1980. Despite its claims that it plays the "leading role" in society, the party has never recovered from the setbacks it received as the union fought for recognition and, having won it, then enforced its new-found political muscle effectively. The party was exhausted. Its ranks had been depleted by as many as 100,000 members, purged for pre-Solidarity leanings since last December. Lately dependent on a body representative of the Polish people, it is no longer well positioned to resume its all-embracing role. It is still so unpopular that it is unlikely to be granted the unofficial status of the country it once enjoyed. At the same time, it would be difficult for the army to take control after martial law has lost its bite.

As a result, the ruling officials are now weighing the risks of taking what would be a revolutionary step in East Bloc policies: the creation of a presidential system formalising Jaruzelski's current role as army, party and government leader. Under that system, a directly elected president would reveal allegiance to the party in order to embody its "leading role." That it is unlikely that such a break with Communist ortho-

Walesa after release (left), removed vehicle on Warsaw street. Jaruzelski: the country has been "normalised"

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they could occur swiftly. Instead, the transitional period foreshadowed by Jaruzelski may indicate that there will be a long, drawn-out debating process. Finally, for one, made no mention of relaxing all intentions or even of granting an amnesty for those concerned under martial law, two major concessions that the opposition is hoping for. Indeed, he stressed that the government will continue to pursue an extremely cautious course.

Dynastic. In a new presidential system, Jaruzelski would certainly be the front-runner for the top position and he visibly relishes such a role. His critics claim that he wants to emulate another dynastic Polish military leader, Marshal Jozef Pilsudski. Such men seized power at a time of national crisis, in Pilsudski's case the parliamentary and economic apogee of 1926. Jaruzelski, like Pilsudski, advocates strong government and never misses an occasion to parade his patriotism. But Pilsudski was a popular figure; Jaruzelski is not. There are also doubts about his physical strength. Poland's military leader wears a brace to ease severe back pain and suffers frequent aggressive attacks. Leaders also claim that his servant system, never strong, has been weakened by the strain of recent years.

The future of Walesa is equally hard to chart (page 60). His Solidarity movement, once 10-million-strong, was dissolved in October, and an ban released from detention last month he found

Placidothes police in Gdansk fire on demonstrators; Warsaw food line a standing blow to the psyche

himself without an organized following. But he is not without a cause. Polish workers, disdainful of the new union structure proposed by Jaruzelski, are looking to him for a lead. And Walesa's captivity, far from diminishing his stature, has added patina to his legend. At the same time, he has dispelled fears that he compromised himself in order

to win his freedom by default, renewing his dedication to the spirit of the Gdansk agreements.

Last week, in his first official statement since his release, Walesa made public a letter which he wrote to Jaruzelski. In it Walesa called for a full-scale amnesty program, the reinstatement of all those dismissed from their jobs for political reasons and the acceptance of a plurality of free trade unions. Said Walesa: "The weakening of social efforts and strengthening the position

of Poland in the world are possible only through rebuilding mutual trust between the society and government." But Walesa's future depends not only on what he does—he has promised to end his glass injury this week—but also on what the regime permits him to do. A hint of Warsaw's intentions came recently. Government spokesman Jerzy Urban, who had previously insisted that Walesa was a "private citizen," told Marjorie that the government was prepared to treat him as a "partner," if,

among other things, Walesa respects the National Accord, a broad truce that the regime wants declared among government, church and labor. There are strong reports in his home town of Gdansk that Walesa will soon apply for work at the shipyards as an electrician (his former trade). Even he may start a "legal" union of his own. (The new, government-approved unions are to begin functioning in January.) Or he might join an existing union and work his way to the top. There is little doubt that former Solidarity militants would gravitate to his side.

Walesa's dilemma—whether to play a passive or an active role—is shared to some degree by the Polish general, Archbishop Jozef Glemp. Initially, he was an outspoken opponent of martial law. But gradually the church has taken a softer line, hoping to win concessions from the regime. In part, the policy has been successful. The church is credited with having persuaded the authorities to ease conditions for detainees and it may have played a part in the release of Walesa. In *Wojna*, its muted approach undoubtedly played a part in paving the way for Pope John Paul II's visit next June. But the price has been high. At times, Glemp has endured heavy criticism from intellectuals and his young clergy. He also may have earned the displeasure of the Pope, who has consistently taken a tougher stand. Polish Catholics are surprised that Glemp has not been made a cardinal, a rank that

normally goes with the job.

The archbishop was sharply criticized when he addressed 300 Warsaw priests recently in an attempt to defend his mandatory policies. But, in a nation that is 90-per-cent Catholic, the church is destined to resume its influence when martial law is suspended. There is even some speculation in Warsaw that a new Catholic party will eventually be formed and that it might control as many as 35 per cent of the seats in the Sejm, forming the official opposition. But any genuine strengthening in the church's opposition could give the regime an excuse to delay the easing of martial law restrictions or to call off the Pope's visit.

Even with Walesa and the church in limbo temporarily, any new administration will face a daunting task in setting the country on the road to economic recovery, the most pressing task of the foreseeable future. Life in Poland on the first anniversary of martial law was a horror. Almost all services and industries are at least as inefficient as they were before the military crackdown. And, added to that aggression, Poles have run through the fall stage of emotions in the year of army rule: from hope, to often quickly confounded, through stark terror to leaders' indifference. Their state of mind, to some experienced Eastern European hands, is reminiscent of that in Czechoslovakia after Warsaw Pact troops invaded and crushed Alexander Dubcek's brief experiment in "socialism with a human face," in August, 1968. Czechoslovakians

Shipyard strike in Poland gripped



Chronology of a crackdown

Dec. 13, 1981 Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski enforces martial law, about 6,000 Solidarity supporters are arrested

Dec. 16 as nationwide protests erupt, eight east miners are shot dead in the southwestern city of Katowice

Dec. 23 U.S. President Ronald Reagan announces strict economic sanctions against Poland

Jan. 30, 1982 riot in Gdansk, supposedly sparked by announcements of wage-paying food price hikes, 206 arrests and 14 injuries

Feb. 17 a 48-hour crackdown on martial law violators results in 2,650 more arrests

Feb. 24 Canada imposes sanctions against Poland, limiting scientific and cultural exchanges and suspending new commercial credits for goods other than food

April 28 Jaruzelski lifts curfew, effective May 1

May 1 10,000 Solidarity supporters demonstrate in Warsaw

May 3 riot police break up demonstration by 10,000 in Warsaw. Many injuries reported

May 13 workers stage 15-minute partial strikes to protest five months of martial law, 679 arrests reported

July 13 10,000 Communist Party members paraded, bringing the total since December to about 108,300

July 21 Jaruzelski announces partial relaxation of martial law and hints that it may be lifted entirely by the end of 1982; 1,227 detainees are released, but Pope John Paul II's planned August trip to Poland is postponed

Aug. 21 police smash demonstrations marking second anniversary of the imposition of Solidarity, five die as crowd crushes into the week

Oct. 8 the Sejm (parliament) formally dissolves Solidarity, bans break out in Nowa Huta and Gdansk, leaving two dead

Oct. 26 passage of the "antiparazit" law

Nov. 8 Pope John Paul announces that he will visit Poland in June 1983

Nov. 10 failure of a general eight-hour stoppage called by underground Solidarity

Nov. 14 Solidarity leader Lech Walesa returns home to Gdansk after 21 months of captivity

Dec. 27 fugitive union leaders call off planned December protests, citing recent conciliatory gestures by the government

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stranger quickly turned in apathy and cynicism, which, apart from a few pockets of activism, persists.

In their merest state of nervous excitation and depression, most Poles find it impossible to work up any passion about the impact of government on their daily lives. They will almost certainly excuse their former vigor. There has been plenty of evidence of their resistance even during the months of martial law. In the first gray, snowbound days of entry into it seemed that the country would inevitably be overtaken by the military's iron discipline. But soon soldiers were splashing gas from air-

craft miners at the Wagel colliery had been shot during defiant protests. For days, millions of Poles were traumatized, grieving for the fallen, baring their own hopes, expecting the worst.

Jaruzelski's repressive tactics did not follow any clear pattern. Many of those who most feared punishment were uninvolved. Others, whose activities gave authorities little cause for reproach, were arrested. Gradually, it became clear that these would not be an all-embracing purge and that the major plan was to repress Jaruzelski, it seemed, was less concerned with changing his countrymen for their thoughts than for their acts, particularly acts that took place after the dis-



Poland's Archbishop Glemp, after the outbreak, an attempt to win concessions

puted abilities to sell to motorists, and police patrols were looking the other way while consumers found themselves on the street after the 11 p.m. curfew. More recently, troops at the fringes of demonstrations would stop by passers-by about which route to take to avoid running into the hated state security squads. And the Black Market alone thrived.

But martial law restrictions have had a lasting impact on the Polish people. Jaruzelski's military takeover, after the hard days of Solidarity's suppression, dealt a stunning blow to the national psyche. Every Pole can recall precisely what he was doing on Dec. 13, 1981, as the nation he realized that the country had been changed in a way. The first days are etched in the collective experience with the clarity of a nightmare. First, there was a growing awareness of mass arrests being carried out. Then, on Dec. 16, there was a chilling official acknowledgment from Katowice that

liberation of martial law. Ryszard, a former detainee, 43-year-old sociology professor Marek Tabara, now planning to emigrate to Edmonton. "The police was mismanagement by accident."

As a result, even the Katowice shootings were an aid to the regime. For one thing, they brought authoritarian law protests to a swift conclusion—for a time, anyway. For another, they made Jaruzelski's subsequent retreat from brutality resemble an evasion in retreat. "Against calamity, the less one's suddenly seems to have his merits, and the soldier, it is not something his right to kill, because a reasonable guy," says Wojciech Lamentowicz, a Warsaw resident. The pervasive lack of such constraints made possible the co-opting of a small, but important, measure of support for martial law.

Another major factor that helped the government to snuff out opposition was Poland's standing economic crisis. Even the most militant opponents of

Walking the greasy tightrope

When the Polish government released Lech Walesa a month ago, it clearly hoped to reduce him to private citizen status, and so far he has been extremely reluctant to step out of the mold. "I feel like a man walking a greasy tightrope over a prison yard," he said after his release. But he also reiterated his faith in the ideals of August 1980, and the several questions remained: a Lech Walesa just another shaggy worker or can he remake Solidarity's torch?

Despite the publicly ascribed in his

facted Communist Jacek Kuron. By 1979 Walesa had established fledgling free unions along the Baltic coast. When the call to arms came in 1980, Polish workers already had a steady base.

In 1980 Walesa literally stepped his way to the leadership of the Lenin Shipyard strikes. "A straight left" to the jaw, he recalls, followed a winning victory leader, and he took over. It was a violent public act for a man who says, "I am more than ready to die—I am not as ready to kill." But the statement reflects Walesa's belief that he is a man-

they had gone too far, getting Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski with the excuse he needed to launch his counterstrike.

Walesa's well-publicized detention nearly overruled the legend. Anecdotes about his leadership surfaced. According to his secretary, on one typical weekday a religious priest visited Walesa and pronounced, "I am a messenger of God." Walesa replied, "That's a fantastic coincidence. So am I."

When release for Walesa finally came in November, it was widely assumed that Polish Archbishop Jacek Glemp



Walesa after his release (left), simply shows shelves; opposed to any political system that makes people forget they are human



11 months of detention, Walesa apparently has changed little since he clambered over the gates of the Lenin Shipyard to lead the striking workers. He was the man who, 10 years before, had urged strikers in the same yards to refrain from violence—only to watch hundreds thrown down by government troops. His comment on his more activist role in 1980—"I wanted to express on paper"—speaks volumes about his almost morose sense of reason. Says his wife, Danuta, "Lech [Little Lech] has always believed he is destined by God for something big."

Walesa's leadership gifts lay dormant after 1970 as he concentrated on organizing illegal transmissions across the country. The Baltic region. Constantly freed from jobs for unemployment, he waited until the food strikes of 1976 to forge the most important link in the future of Solidarity—an alliance between his own worker organizations and intellectual dissidents led by dis-

ty. He is an intensely devout Roman Catholic, who attends mass daily and wears a lapel medallion depicting Poland's national saint, the Black Madonna of Czestochowa. Contrary to accepted wisdom in both the Soviet Union and the West, he is not a political revolutionary. He claims he is opposed to any system that "makes people forget they are human beings."

But the impact of Solidarity was increasingly golden. His downfall can be traced directly to the widening rift between Walesa's gradualist compromise and the union's more militant factions, who wanted to oust him from the government directly. Walesa, arrested for "an economic tendency to give in" and charged with a "deliberate bid by rival policies, nevertheless, was voted chairman at the first Solidarity congress in October, 1981. Less than three months later he watched in frustration as the radicals called for a referendum on the Communist government. He believed

had engineered the move as part of a deal between the government and the church. Polish power politics were shifted substantially onto Walesa's arrest. The church, especially, is now more supportive of the regime. As if to re-establish his bona fides, Walesa conferred with Glemp soon after his release (possibly about joining a advisory committee), then spent a two-day retreat at the holy shrine of Czestochowa. In response to government-ignited rumors about sexual indiscretions, Walesa's family priest declared him "a clean man," although Walesa himself hinted at yielding to temptation. As he told Italian journalist Oriano Fallai, "Angels do not exist, and I am an angel. I'm rather a Sutan." Walesa's place in the Communist democracy, however, may have more relevance to his future. If he remains his union activist, Walesa seems destined once again to walk his shaggy tightrope in peace.

—MARK CLARKE/IN THE TRENCHES

the regime have been forced to use up much of their energies in the grim business of simply surviving amid the worst shortages Poland has experienced since the late 1940s. Strict rationing and astronomical prices imposed in during the first months of martial law have eased the struggle slightly. Many private farmers, offered more money for their produce, now dispatch more food to city markets. The lengthy queues that used to wind along the streets have largely vanished. Because of a good harvest, some staple foods are plentiful. But others are in short supply. The national diet has been depleted by the Western economic sanctions slapped on the country. Deprived of traditional U.S. food supplies, the Polish poultry industry has all but collapsed, making chicken a rare commodity and bringing a tenfold rise in the price of eggs. Supplies of fish and meat have also fallen sharply. As well, Poland's shortage of foreign currency, in part due to the freeze on Western credits, has severely curbed food imports. Consumer goods, too, are in short supply, forcing people to buy on the black market at crippling prices or, in the case of clothing and shoes, scavenge among the shoddy goods on the shelves of government stores.

Priced out. Price levels pose a severe problem for the Polish shopper, whose purchasing power has plummeted in tandem with a dramatic 50-per-cent slide in the country's gross national product over the past three years. Currently, the average wage is 15,000 zlotys (about \$10) per month, 50-per-cent higher than two years ago. But in the same period prices have doubled as the government brought down in line with real production costs (in the past, consumer goods, services and housing—as in other Communist societies—were heavily subsidized by the state). "Even with two salaries in the family, I can barely make ends meet," says Henryk Kozmicki, a printer whose wife, a sales clerk, used to be able to save at least half her wages.

The Kozmickis have abandoned their dream of buying a new car. The cheapest model is the tiny Fiat Polnia, which costs more than 300,000 zlotys (\$21,000), at least for the five years the government estimates it will take for Poland to return to its 1970-1979 level of income. Some city dwellers make up their cash shortages by moonlighting, others by dealing on the black market.

Still, there are reasons for economic optimism. Government aides claim that the nose dive in industrial output that began in 1980 has turned to a more "acceptable" pace, a five-per-cent drop in productivity compared with the 15-per-

cent plunge in the two previous crisis years.

Stefan Hall, spokesman for the government's planning commission, says this year's industrial decline was worst among businesses that relied on the West for raw materials and semi-finished products: chemicals, electronics and textiles. In contrast, resource industries, Poland's big revenue earners, performed better. Coal production, for one, is running at 209 million tonnes this year, compared to 270 million tonnes in 1981, and the government predicts a two-per-cent overall rise in the output for 1983.

But such marginal advances toward the regime's target of ending net \$1-\$2 billion foreign debt have been possible only as a result of the government's stringent control of most facets of the nation's economy. The authori-

ty to reflect on the extraordinary dramas in its fortunes during the 32 months since Solidarity first arose to challenge Communist orthodoxy. Observers who have witnessed the events are struck by a startling similarity between those of Trotsky and the student-worker protests that came close to toppling former French president Charles de Gaulle in 1958. The scales of the two uprisings were different, as were the motives of the revolutionaries and the aptitudes under attack. But both demonstrated the fragility of apparently inviolable governments—and the ultimate resilience of the humanistic machine.

In France, 1968 is now a historical footnote. Poland's ordeal only continues. While government spokesmen Urban rails against "the indifference of the Polish people, their refusal to take part in public life and their tendency to



Disobedience in defiance: a racial war against Solidarity's myriad evils

ties' iron resolution has been evident wherever demonstrators appeared on the streets, and all the time a secret war has been waged against the myriad Solidarity underground cells. The military regime passed draconian anti-partisan laws last October. Those regulations allow the government to force Poles who have not worked for 90 days or more to explain to the police how they are managing to support themselves. If the reply is unsatisfactory, the authorities can jail the offender or sentence him to heavy construction work in remote parts of the country. While the government claims that the law is intended for use only against black marketeers and criminals, it can also be invoked to get rid of the regime's political opponents. The law will likely remain in force, according to Jaruzelski, "to regulate the transition."

Now, at least, the nation has the time

wait and see," the national mood of cynicism is understandable. Jaruzelski, for one, fears that the regime's next moves may mark the start of a new phase in its plans to re-establish total control over the lives of its citizens. "All I can see is repression shifting gears," he says. "The first aim of martial law was to nail the worker to his bench. Now they may think it's time to lean on the outside." He believes that the country's intellectuals and the members of the organized dissident movement are particularly at risk.

But there is little doubt that Poland will eventually recover—although the process may take five to 10 years. Nor is there any doubt that the Polish people will rise again to tear at the seams of an insensitive system imposed on them by an unforgiving regime behind the yellow sandstone walls of the Kremlin.

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The 300 fitness freaks and just plain fans turned out in leg warmers and leotards in Vancouver last week, all of them anxious to spend more than two hours of muscle-toning with the options of good health, **Jane Fonda**. At 46, with the voluptuous softness of her youth long gone, the clean-lined actress is a walking advertisement for her best-selling *Jane Fonda's Workout Book*. And seeing her in action was reason enough to crowd the Hotel Vancouver's ballroom and submit to a security check of all gym bags before pulling commenced. "I look good for my age," Fonda allowed. "I am healthy, and people, especially women who are no longer 30 anymore, turn to me for advice." More than a few Democrats in California must be doing the same. Fonda pulled up a cool \$20,000 for her one day visit, which will go toward supporting Democratic candidates of her choice (the her husband, California assemblyman and former student radical Tom Hayden).



Fonda at 46, making money for the cause

Quick—choose a Canadian politician with a better love life and momentary reputation than Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** may spring to mind, but, if the Quebec gossip mill is to be believed, the answer is Premier **René Lévesque**. For more than a year rumors have circulated in Quebec City that the premier and his second wife, **Corinne Gosselin**, were on the brink of divorce. When that evaporated, what turned out to be Lévesque's political future. The story goes that a disheartened Lévesque is ready to retire, throwing the leadership of the Parti Québécois to Social Affairs Minister **Pierre-Marc Johnson** and the late Union Nationale premier **Daniel Johnson**. To ensure the popularity of the campaign, Lévesque is believed to have given Johnson millions of dol-

lars to disburse to the 200,000 member **Conseil Front** of public employees. At a cabinet meeting following newspaper revelations of the story, Johnson jokingly suggested to a jovial Lévesque that the premier turn over his chair right away. One rival for the premier's chair watching with double-edged interest last week was Pierre-Marc's brother, **Daniel Johnson Jr.** He fears the premier's job for himself, if he can win the leadership of his own Liberal party. That race did have an official start last August when **Claude Ryan** resigned.

Since his publication in 1994, the novel *Mario Chapeyrolle* has been

Mercutio and Capulet in *Mario Chapeyrolle's* 'a Renaissance romance with gears'



translated into 18 languages and reprinted 50 times in Canada alone. The story of toxicity and tragic romance in the Quebec wilderness is familiar to nearly every Quebec student who struggled through high school French. But only now is a Canadian filmmaker adapting it for the big screen. The director is **Gilles Carle**, who, a few years ago, is planning a feature film and a four-part TV mini-series in both French and English. His stars seem tailor-made: **Corinne Laroche**, the doe-eyed Montreal beauty, plays **Maria**; **Nick Mancuso** is **Francis Paradis**, the darkly handsome man of the woods who has little to offer but desire. Carle says that the book is "one of the finest love stories ever written—a Harlequin romance with gears!" And, after seven weeks of shooting in the rugged **Estrie** landscape region, 350 km north of Montreal, he is happy to report: "God must be far up. We have had summer, spring and autumn in late October." So his big concern has been the arduousness of the animals on the set. "We have a lot of things happening with all these dogs, horses and wolves up here," Carle says. "The older dog we even had a wolf eat a poor little pup."

Famed blues dancer and choreographer **Elia Bruhn** began his association with Canadian ballet 35 years ago in England, when he showed the single white **Gold Fringe**. Last week the iron-willed founder of the National Ballet looked on benevolently as the 54-year-old Bruhn was named artistic director of the troubled Toronto-based company. Bruhn's appointment caps his successes as producer of four of the company's most durable offerings and as coach and mentor of principal dancers and students alike. It also comes on the heels of **Alexander Grant's** resignation because of dissatisfactions and defections among the dancers and falling attendance figures. Bruhn was forced to give up his career as a dancer 10 years ago due to stomach ulcers, and, while he may have to reconfigure his fast-setting solutions in his new position, there is no stomach-chatter he has undergone. What ballet aficionado **Martha McGraw** terms, "the A-worthy problem"—obtaining a Canadian work permit from the immigration minister—is not so much Bruhn has been a landed immigrant since 1952.

—COURTNEY BUCHHEI/REUTERS

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Tanker in the Persian Gulf: sharp oil price drops could doom some oil companies and create economic instability

BUSINESS

Why OPEC price cuts pose a threat

By Ian Anderson

In a New York last month Energy Minister Jean Chrétien was exchanging drinks and pleasantries with the United States' ambassador when a bombarded question was casually raised. Why, Chrétien was asked, in Ottawa really going to bail Dome Petroleum out of its \$6-billion sea of debt? To protect the integrity of Canadian banks, replied Chrétien casually. Ah, sighed his U.S. counterpart. "It's your turn now. It will be ours in 1983."

The financier's comment was more than just a reprieve. As the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries prepare for a Dec. 19 summit in Vienna, Western governments are increasingly worried that OPEC's better feeding over oil prices and production quotas will erupt into a round of price cutting that may wreak havoc on Western oil industry balance sheets and cut dramatically into government tax revenues. That worst-case scenario might unfold if the tensions wracking OPEC explode in firestorm rounds of price slashing.

Within months the oil price, now artificially set at \$34 (C \$3) a barrel for light Saudi crudes, could plunge below \$20 a barrel as such developing nations as Nigeria and Indonesia, strapped to enlarge their market share to meet their debt and development commitments in that case Saudi. Arabs might be tempted to open the taps of its vast reserves in an

attempt to "discipline" the market. As a result, oil prices would plummet.

Such forecasts might have been good news for the West 10 years ago. No longer. Western governments have profited from their oil taxes to the point where a dollar drop in the international price would cost Ottawa alone about \$575 million in lost revenue and Washington about \$1.5 billion. Even worse, sharp drops could well force such oil-producing nations as Mexico or Venezuela to renege on their huge foreign debts. Oil companies such as Dome would be doomed. A panic and Depres-

sion might be in Canada's oil business. In 1979 the oil price peaked at \$35 a barrel. Since then it has been a drop to \$20 on the "spot" market for a barrel of high-quality Saudi light oil. Canadian policymakers are just starting to muddle through the potential ramifications of a price cut. It is now accepted that world oil prices will

fall further. In Canada gasoline sales have been slashed by an estimated 15 billion L this year. OPEC production will plummet from 30.9 million barrels a day in 1979 to 19.4 million in 1983. And such nations as Libya and Nigeria are scrambling to keep their share of the shrinking pie by cutting prices. The result has been a drop to \$20 on the "spot" market for a barrel of high-quality Saudi light oil. Canadian policymakers are just starting to muddle through the potential ramifications of a price cut. It is now accepted that world oil prices will

Chrétien a bombast



proaching the 70-per-cent target. Since 1980 Canadian oil has jumped from \$15 to \$12 a barrel, and a 54-barrel hike is scheduled for Jan. 1. But a subsequent hike scheduled for July 1 is unlikely to be approved as Canadian prices touch the 70-per-cent ceiling. In that event, the federal treasury will lose about \$1.5 billion in one leap.

While lower oil prices should do much to revitalize the economies of Canada's major trading partners, the country's energy sector will inevitably suffer. Megaprojects are already on the shelf because of high interest rates, but even the low-interest rate \$1.5-billion Oil has said it could not go ahead with its proposed Cold Lake tar sands plant unless oil prices rose. A senior Gulf Canada executive estimates that the megaprojects require a two- to three-per-cent growth in national-adjusted oil prices through to 1990 to become feasible.

The Dec. 19 showdown in Vienna will get the so-called "low-shooting" OPEC nations, such as Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, against such nations as Nigeria and Venezuela, which shirk virtually every cent of their oil revenue into African development plans. Saudi Arabia wants to maintain an orderly market to ensure that it will be selling its oil for some 30 years from now. But for other OPEC nations the future is now. As a result, production quotas and price caps have been ignored.

The nub of the problem, however, is how OPEC should manage its first controlled decrease. Nations facing debt and development crunches, says the Royal Bank's vice-pres. Hagen, must keep up a constant flow of dollars. They would have to follow any initial price cut with further cuts of their own in order to carve out a larger share of the market. Says van den Hagen, "If Saudi Arabia were to reduce its output price to \$20, many would see the price would be \$20." For now, the Saudis are not expected to carry out their threat. But the current rift outlines starkly how difficult the basic interests of OPEC members have become.

Oil analysts agree that, in a "non-price-free" world, there should be as oil surplus until 1985, at least, and no serious shortages before 1990. As a result, Western politicians face a tough choice, says Energy Probe consultant David Brooks. They may allow prices to fall to maintain the higher levels to generate new supplies and greater conservation. Should they choose to let the oil price drop, says Brooks, "It is incumbent upon them to say they are willing to live in a disasterous position." What is clear, however, is that policymakers cannot simply let market forces rule. Governments, as well as energy companies and their bankers, have too much at stake. The oil is becoming synonymous with Big Government. □

The UAW's pace-setting deal

It was a moment of satisfaction for Robert White, Canadian director of the United Auto Workers. Pondering the results of a 37-day showdown with Chrysler Canada Ltd., he looked down at the carpet outside his Toronto hotel room last week and smiled on his cigar. Finally, with a smile, he observed, "It's a historic session for the UAW in this country." If the statement was bawled, it was not without justification. Not only had White's men stood against contract concessions granted some of his members a \$5-an-hour wage increase from sickly Chrysler, but, for the first time in the union's history, a Canadian agreement provided the foundation for a contract settlement in the United States as well.

White's sense of vindication was

weak. Not only did the union reject the company's "bottom line" offer of a 30-cent-an-hour wage plus retro-deductions of cost of living allowances (COLA), but Chrysler established a deadline of Dec. 15 for no settlement was reached by then, Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca warned, they would stay away from the table until January.

But the deadlock was finally broken last Wednesday morning with the arrival of two Detroit-based participants. UAW President Douglas Fraser and Chrysler Corp. Vice-President Thomas Miner. While Miner took over for the company, White continued to bargain for the UAW and, by 1 a.m. Thursday, the two sides had hammered out the agreement. Before talks resumed at 7:30 a.m. that same morning,



White (left) and Fraser following settlement, a scene of vindication

underrivable. From the start, his no-concession stance had created widespread criticism from the public and even from members of his own union's dominant U.S. arm (UAW's No. 1). Despite his earlier success in reaching settlements with the Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd. and General Motors of Canada Ltd., critics roared with alarm when he dug in his heels over a contract offer that had also been rejected by U.S. Chrysler employees. The reason: White did not follow the U.S. members' lead in postponing talks until January.

Instead, his 9,600 members walked off the job on Nov. 8, despite company warnings that the future of Chrysler was endangered. By last week the costs to both sides in the strike had grown painful. While the Canadian workers tried to survive on the \$65-a-week strike pay, another 4,600 U.S. workers were laid off as a result of the strike. For his part, Chrysler lost an estimated \$14 million in sales en route. But prospects of a settlement still appeared dim early last

week. Stepped in and played two peace suits to Iacocca, which apparently effected the deal. Under its terms, workers receive 15 cents an hour immediately under a COLA formula, followed by another 44 cents over the last year, as well as the \$1 wage hike. White (McCall) a spokesman for Chrysler Canada Ltd.—says that for their part, the company's executives "are pleased to have reached an agreement" and believe the union firm can handle its added cost.

With the Canada contract out of the way, Miner and Fraser jettied back to Detroit and, a few hours later, announced that a similar tentative agreement had been reached on behalf of the company's 43,800 U.S. employees. That news only added to White's satisfaction. Says White "The fact that we Canadians were able to help ourselves as well as the U.S. workers by standing against concessions gives a new impetus to our position on collective bargaining." —IAN ANDERSON in Toronto.

Shouldering the banks' burden

Ever since the North American economy began to weaken in 1981, bank profits have been a favorite target for critics of Canada's financial system. But recently their earnings performance has attracted the less of a public outcry. The reason: profits have fallen dramatically from their 1981 record levels, accompanied by a growing backlog of bad debts and increasing service costs. In fact, statistics indicate that for the fiscal year ended Oct. 31, 1983, the average profit per share of the Big Five chartered banks soared to \$124 billion, while profits fell by 22 per cent from a year earlier to \$148 billion. Still, although those figures have quieted some critics, others are increasingly concerned because consumers appear to be paying an unfairly share of the bill for the banks' financial misadventures.



Potterhouse developing the pawning spread in interest rates.

Consumers are suffering, says Palmer, because, during the interest rate drop of the past six months, the rates paid on savings deposits have plummeted much faster than the banks' prime lending rate. As a result, the average customer is now being paid an average five to six per cent on his savings account, while the banks are earning 10 per cent on the money they lend to their best corporate customers. The fact that a spread exists is not in itself a problem, but it is a problem, says Palmer, because to make a profit is to serve. But, says Palmer, 6.5 per cent loans is a very wide gap by historical standards. "If further drops in the prime are matched by cuts in the savings rate," he says, "there will be a hostile reaction." Another new point for consumers, Palmer points out, is that they are being charged between 80 and 88 per cent on unpaid credit card balances despite falling interest rates elsewhere. But that phenomenon, he says, is the result of an unfortunate regulation that requires a six-month lag time before banks can adjust their interest charges on credit card debts.

Nelson Rife, the federal NDP financial critic, for one, describes the pawning

gap between interest on savings accounts and the prime rate as "obscene." And even bank spokesmen do not deny that the spread is unreasonably wide. They also admit that the margin between savings rates and the interest paid on consumer loans is broader than normal. But they argue that there is a much narrower 5.50-per-cent gap between average interest paid on all types of deposits and the average interest earned on loans. In particular, they point out that term deposits at about 20 per cent provide an attractive option for customers and many are taking advantage of them. As for the spread between savings account and prime rates, which looks

much worse from the consumer's point of view, bankers claim that the margin is necessary to cover the increasing costs of providing service. Says John Farnsworth, vice-president of finance for the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce: "People look at past spreads and get upset. But those spreads were too narrow." The fact that spreads have widened, he says, is a "related incident" of the increasing costs of doing business. Those costs include labor, rent, estate and general overhead expenses. Indeed, despite falling prices, branch closures and layoffs, operating costs alone for the major banks rose by 10 per cent last year, and that trend is expected to continue. But, bank spokesmen offer little solace to financially pressed consumers feeling the pinch in their shrinking pocketbooks.

—JAMES FLEMING
in Toronto

Six-and-Five hits a pothole

A key figure in the federal government's eight-and-five income tax restraint program suddenly began to waver last week, and Liberal ministers scrambled to save their economic major plan. At the centre of the carefully balanced-up controversy was Ian Sinclair, the powerful 48-year-old chairman of Canadian Pacific International Ltd. and the chief corporate defender of Ottawa's restraint strategy. Sinclair was outraged over a government plan to give retired civil servants pension increases of 6.5 per cent and 5.5 per cent while the rest of the country is being urged to adhere strictly to the Six-and-Five doctrine. He told *Maclean's* that he objected vociferously to the government formula the government was using to calculate the indexing of its workers' pensions. He does like the principle of indexing civil service pensions, Sinclair says, but what caused last week's eruption was Treasury Board President Herb Gray's fiery financial forecast.

"He certainly was tabernary," acknowledged Liberal Senator Keith Dunderberg, who is in charge of the Six-and-Five program. But the senator denied that Sinclair had even hinted that he might shelve his support role as chairman of a Man-of-the-house committee of business leaders at restraint. Still, other members of Gray's cabinet were less certain of Sinclair's continued backing. And one committee member said that the crux chairman was indeed on the verge of walking out on the government.

Only a few Ottawa insiders learned last week's confrontation. In fact, most were unaware of the behind-the-scenes dispute as they entered the Commons for a late-night vote on acceptance in principle of the 6.5 and 5.5 per cent pension increases. But the Liberals remain firm. If the government proceeds to relax its guidelines to 6.5 and 5.5 for its own pensioners, Sinclair will be furious. But, if it forces its 300,000 retired employees to live by the letter of the Six-and-Five program, it will risk losing the support of between three and 12 wavering Liberal backbenchers—possibly enough to topple the Trudeau administration—when the legislation is presented to the Commons for final approval.

As for public consumption, Ottawa continues to insist that its restraint program is a stunning success. But on Parliament Hill lights are burning late into the night just to keep the project alive.

—CHRIS GOSK in Ottawa

BUSINESS WATCH

Ottawa's new war with Quebec

By Peter C. Newman

Shoulder if ever before has the confrontation between Canada's public and private sectors been quite so clear-cut. The longily titled Corporate Shareholding Limitation Act (CSLA), introduced by the Trudeau government last week, is the latest example of Ottawa's determination to cut provincial investment agencies off at the pass, allowing them to own only meaningless minority holdings in national corporations. The bill, which could produce the most serious consequences for Quebec City and Ottawawarrior the referendum campaign, limits provincial financial funds to 10 per cent of the shares in any Canadian company that operates interprovincial transportation or pipeline facilities.

The significance of the federal power play was underlined by the circumstances of the new law's introduction. It was unexpectedly tabled in the Senate, where legislative amendments can be got forward without consensus consent, on the evening of Nov. 2. Its provisions went into force the very next morning.

Drafted by Lawrence Hunter, the commerce cop brought into the federal service by Michael Pofford to replace Robert Brinkman, the bill's provisions are specifically designed to hit companies with corporate control positions by the Cause de droit et placement du Québec, the provincial agency that manages the country's largest capital pool. Although the subsections of the bill apply equally to all provinces, other, more numerous, public organizations, such as the Alberta Heritage Fund, have been quietly moving out of the private sector. Also, the rules of the game are very different. The restraint agency allows no one, not only as much as five per cent of any company, while the Cause can own as much as 30 per cent.

The real motivation of the bill is to ensure that national companies or assets in the national interest, or at least without any regional bias, do not betray their mandates to shareholders. Jack Austin, the seconded BC senator who helped sponsor the new law, says the bill is not about the "God" debate when it's going to run or had or when it's not. It's about the "God" bill, Mr. Austin. "In a sense, the private sector, by making its decisions on a commercial basis, is making the state look of neutral choice about the corporate climate—on the basis of the mar-

ketplace and consumer preferences. The federal role is to maintain such neutrality and fair competition among the commercial interests involved. Now provinces such as Alberta or Quebec want to step in and interfere with that neutrality by making corporate investments and guiding their decisions on the basis of regional interests. They want to make the weaker. The federal government must stop the provinces from destroying that essential neutrality in the way our economy works."

The Cause has become the law's chief target, not because it's run by a separatist government but because it controls

and a demand that it be represented on CTA's board. Fred Barthelette, the company's chairman, wanted the CTA to ask the Trudeau government to stop this move. (The Cause had owned CTA stock for many years but, until recently, it was at a passive two- to three-per-cent level.) "The full scope of the long-term plan of the CTA is to be grasped," says Barthelette. "These funds are very good for economic growth. To allow them free rein to invest, assets to develop, stimulate."

What Barthelette didn't say was that future control of CTA has already been unofficially claimed by Paul Desmarès, the chairman of Power Corp., who recently joined the transportation company's board and holds just less than 15 per cent of its stock. Quebec Minister Jacques Parizeau has charged that the federal bill "protects the traditional Canadian. It's a challenge to the Cause's existence and even succeeds in giving the establishment means to show it to disprove recent investments made in good faith by the Cause."

Finally, even though the bill is limited to interprovincial transport, its effect would be to stop the Cause from trying to control inter-Alcan (where Saginaw Shipping Ltd. and various ports in several provinces) and Provigo (which owns two small trucking lines through an Ottawa-based subsidiary called M. Loeb Ltd.).

Bill Reid has received rare reviews from most of Canada's private sector. The influential Business Council of Canada has been the same. The same comments should apply to the federal government's 607 billion empire of Crown corporations. The major exception is all that has been said about the province, president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, who has condemned the Liberals for acting like "handouts at a time when high unemployment makes provincial investments welcome." The fact that he wants to succeed Claude Ryan as leader of the province's Liberal party may account for at least part of his anger.

The Cause and similar provincial funds control capital pools in excess of \$38 billion, which account for nearly a quarter of the value of all the shares traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

The debate is really just starting, but on its outcome will depend much of the future decision-making that will shape Canada's economic future.



Barthelette: invasion of the Cause.

The largest pool of private capital in the country is the \$16 billion investment portfolio to include large chunks of common stock in Alcan Aluminum Ltd., Dominion Textile Inc., Noranda Mines Ltd., Trans Canada Canada and Marlin Industries Ltd., as well as control blocks in Duntar Inc. and Provigo Inc., the huge, Quebec-based chemical and supermarket companies. In the latter two firms, the Cause's representatives also heavily influence the boards of directors.

What brought on the current confrontation was a move by the Cause to increase its holding of Canadian Pacific Ltd. just the 10-per-cent mark



and a demand that it be represented on CTA's board. Fred Barthelette, the company's chairman, wanted the CTA to ask the Trudeau government to stop this move. (The Cause had owned CTA stock for many years but, until recently, it was at a passive two- to three-per-cent level.) "The full scope of the long-term plan of the CTA is to be grasped," says Barthelette. "These funds are very good for economic growth. To allow them free rein to invest, assets to develop, stimulate."

What Barthelette didn't say was that future control of CTA has already been unofficially claimed by Paul Desmarès, the chairman of Power Corp., who recently joined the transportation company's board and holds just less than 15 per cent of its stock. Quebec Minister Jacques Parizeau has charged that the federal bill "protects the traditional Canadian. It's a challenge to the Cause's existence and even succeeds in giving the establishment means to show it to disprove recent investments made in good faith by the Cause."

Finally, even though the bill is limited to interprovincial transport, its effect would be to stop the Cause from trying to control inter-Alcan (where Saginaw Shipping Ltd. and various ports in several provinces) and Provigo (which owns two small trucking lines through an Ottawa-based subsidiary called M. Loeb Ltd.).

Bill Reid has received rare reviews from most of Canada's private sector. The influential Business Council of Canada has been the same. The same comments should apply to the federal government's 607 billion empire of Crown corporations. The major exception is all that has been said about the province, president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, who has condemned the Liberals for acting like "handouts at a time when high unemployment makes provincial investments welcome." The fact that he wants to succeed Claude Ryan as leader of the province's Liberal party may account for at least part of his anger.

The Cause and similar provincial funds control capital pools in excess of \$38 billion, which account for nearly a quarter of the value of all the shares traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

The debate is really just starting, but on its outcome will depend much of the future decision-making that will shape Canada's economic future.



Jerome in his prime: he did it just by strength of character and determination

SPORTS

Requiem for a champion

When Canadian sprinter Harry Jerome pulled up lame at the 1960 Olympics and the 1962 Commonwealth Games, his setbacks were jarring even for a country already chastened by failures in international sports. Brought in the Canadian media as a quitter, Jerome, who died last week at 42, spent the rest of his life proving his critics wrong.

That he completed in the Games at all was testimony to his determination as a talent. Born in Prince Albert, Sask., in 1918, the son of a Canadian National Railway employee, Jerome did not take anything seriously until he was 17. A year later he broke Percy Williams' 20-year-old Canadian record in the 200-yard dash. When he was 20 he ran the 100 m in 18 seconds, tied with the world's record with Germany's Armin Hary, a record that stood until the 1968 Olympics. Jerome's 10-second burst made him the first water-borne athlete to hold a world record in track, recognized by the International Amateur Athletics Federation. The record enabled Jerome to earn a scholarship to the University of Oregon, where he received his first top-notch coaching.

Afterward, Canada expected Jerome to return from Rome with Olympic gold in 1960, but he suffered a severe cramp in a semifinal heat and returned to admit about his "attitude." "I greeted him again after the Commonwealth Games. And his teammate, former world-class runner William Crothers, "I was there, and you could feel the incident where his muscle was injured. People were very cruel," his injury, a complete separation of the tendons where the leg muscle meets the knee, is

one of the most serious injuries that a runner can suffer. Few athletes recover from such criticism or injury, but Jerome simply worked harder. "It was unbelievable," said his close friend Dr. Allan Rader. "He did it just by strength of character and determination."

After taking a year off because of his injury, he won a bronze medal in the 100 m at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964 and set a world record of 9.1 seconds for the 100-yard dash at the Canadian Commonwealth Games trials two years later. (His second world record was not broken until 1974.) And at the Pan-Am Games in 1967, at the advanced sprinting age of 27, he won the 200m gold medal. In his final race in Mexico in 1968, Jerome represented Canada in his third Olympics, finishing seventh.

Jerome used his masters degree in physical education from the University of Oregon to land a position working with amateur athletes in British Columbia. An official with Sport BC, he devoted much of his time to touring schools and teaching children about athletics. He was working on the Premier's Sport Award program when he suffered a series of brain seizures 13 months ago. Jerome underwent surgery for a serious disorder and was readmitted to hospital on Nov. 26. He was released four days before he died, after suffering convulsions in a friends car. The official cause of death was apoplexy, possibly triggered by a brain seizure. Said Crothers of British Columbia's athlete of the century and hero to European track fans, while his own country questioned him, "He legitimized track and field in Canada."

—HAI QUINN in Toronto

The shell game in troubled waters

Business leaders in the southern Ontario city of St. Catharines have enjoyed hosting the Royal Canadian Henley Regatta rowing championships for the past 26 years. They were justifiably proud when, in 1993, King Edward VII bestowed the appellation Royal Henley there, their pride has grown as the event evolved into a world-renewal competition. There, last week, the city was visited by a fleet to move the regatta to Montreal in alternate years between 1995 and 1999. REYNOLD BOLD (OWN) THE RIVER, declared a local headline.

The prospect of the reversed regatta shifting to the Montreal Olympic rowing site was difficult enough to accept. But adding insult was one of the reasons for the move, given by the Canadian Amateur Rowing Association (CARA)—a \$10,000 fee offered by the City of Montreal. "That's not much more than the cost of an eight-oared shell," said Timothy Elphy, past president of the Canadian Henley Rowing Corp. "We have spent millions of dollars to turn our course into one of the best in the world. Are they taking it away for \$10,000?"

The demand calls for St. Catharines to host the Henleys and Montreal the Canadian championships in 1993. In 1984 the Henleys would remain in St. Catharines and the Canadians would move to Wolfville, N.S. Then, in 1985, the regatta would shift to Montreal, and the Canadians to St. Catharines, to be reversed the next year. The hostile reaction to the announcement was swift: free rowing clubs across Canada and the United States (the Henleys attract competitors from North America, Mexico, Australia, England and Europe), but most notably from St. Catharines. The Standard published an editorial charging that moving the Henleys would be like moving "the Kentucky Derby out of Louisville, the Masters out of Augusta, Ga."

To temper with its borders on marriage. Reluctant the OFFICIAL, CARA President Sam Craig said that he believes "the good sports people" of the city will come to realize the benefit to Canada having represented by the move—notably the development of another major rowing centre. But the Henley supporters were not mollified. "We're not afraid to go to the Supreme Court," said a defiant Doug Swaine, a past president of CARA. The present situation delays Craig's assurance that the decision by CARA was unanimous. The only point of general agreement seemed to be with Swaine's assessment. "The gloves are off."

—H.Q.



The dealer broke and almost defeated

The flip side of Nelson Skalbania

Nelson Skalbania, the cartoon king of the real estate flip, chose an appropriate date—Dec. 7, the 41st anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor—to announce that he was broke and almost defeated. Indeed, Skalbania, the Vancouver entrepreneur who once bought sports franchises the way children collect bubblegum cards, is clearly on the slide. The eight sports franchises that he has owned or partially owned since 1976 have all been sold. His last best hope is that his creditors will want to collect the \$36 million that he owes them instead of instantly plugging him into bankruptcy.

Just over a year ago Skalbania shocked on television as his Montreal Alouettes, a football team stocked with expensive American superstars, fell to Ottawa in a playoff game. "That's the game, that's the season," he mumbled to his wife, Alex, not knowing that the Alouettes were about to sink forever beneath a sea of debt.

Skalbania's tongue was already falling apart. High interest rates and recession cooled out the real estate market, preventing him from stanching a cash hemorrhage by flipping properties for a quick profit. He lost \$1.2 million on Alouettes, and the chain of lawsuits and demands for payment that followed threatened the stability of the Canadian Football League. The franchise was eventually sold to Montreal businessman Charles Bronfman, and the team emerged on the field as the even more inept Concordes this year, winning twice—once less than the Alouettes the previous year.

Skalbania was just as controversial in other sports, taking a 15-million bath before he failed the Indianapolis Racers of the World Hockey Association, moving the Flames of the National Hockey League from Atlanta to Calgary, and going after pro basketball and baseball franchises. Ironically, in all

the wheeling and dealing, the most lucrative sports property of all slipped away from Skalbania. The man who signed Wayne Gretzky to a seven-year personal services contract for \$1.75 million in 1978 was forced to peddle the hockey superstar to the Edmonton Oilers and his friend Peter Pocklington for seven quick cash, a painting, two Rolls-Royces and a ring—an estimated total of \$400,000.

Pocklington was the featured speaker at a "Pearl Harbor day" dinner of warcraft and merriment, which Skalbania staged last week in Vancouver.

He was as stunned as any of the 450 guests when the host announced that he was broke and pleaded publicly for his absent wife to end a two-week separation and return to him. "Honeybun," Skalbania moaned, "I'll be the dumbest, most long, considerate husband, instead of being such an ass." With at least some of his major creditors willing to wait for their money and his wife willing to talk to him, Skalbania may yet survive his Pearl Harbor day and make a comeback. After all, the U.S. Navy did.

—MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Silver Dransoff: "an underlying attitude that women aren't worth as much as men"

JUSTICE

Equal work doesn't pay

For Barbara Lutherdale and her husband, Douglas, it had always been "a pay retirement plan." But when she turned out her salary as a Toronto book designer to cover the costs of the home she managed, Douglas set aside a portion of his income for investments through Bell Canada's monthly payroll deduction plan. The resulting Bell shares and a Registered Retirement Savings Plan (RRSP)—in his name only—both totalled \$49,329.75 when the 19-year marriage fell apart, and with it the couple's retirement understanding. The ensuing four-year legal battle ended last week, when the Supreme Court of Canada, in its first case under the Ontario Family Law Reform Act of 1978, awarded Barbara \$18,806—approximately one-quarter of the "non-family asset"—based on her nine years of employment. The Lutheraldes had already divided equally what Ontario law recognizes as "family assets"—principally the home.

The ruling pleased no one. Sally Baran, president of the Ontario Society of Women Council (OSWC), called it only "an improvement"—revelation of a woman's wage-earner's contribution to a marriage's total assets. But OSWC's executive officer, lawyer Gail Karasough, derided the court's failure to recognize Barbara Lutherdale's contribution as a homemaker and child rearer.

But Barbara's lawyer, Linda Silver Dransoff, says that, the problem rests not with the judges' decision but rather with the legislature. Donald MacDougall, a law professor at the University of British Columbia and editor of the *Canadian Journal of Family Law*, calls the Ontario act "conservative by North American standards." He adds that much more protection is guaranteed

married women in the three Prairie provinces and particularly in Quebec and British Columbia, where practically everything is divided equally. At the same time, judges, lawyers and clerks from the larger cities have been forced to travel a lengthy, small-town courtroom circuit to conduct those proceedings. The result: a cumbersome and expensive system of justice for a minority of accused in Canada. But an experimental program to begin next month in Brandon, Man., 200 km west of Winnipeg, could change the law of ways. Defendants will "appear" in Brandon court on remote monitors, receiving from both applications to trial records, through a two-way television system between the jail and the courthouse four kilometers away.

If the three-month experiment succeeds, Manitoba Attorney General Richard Finney says it will be expanded to more remote areas where the need is even greater. Perhaps, in the future, a two-way TV system could be installed in Thompson, Man., for example, and a judge could watch and hear defendants in Winnipeg, 740 km away. Says Judge Rodney Myke, who leads the project: "If it works out, it could save time and money and help grease the wheels of justice."

The \$16,800 experiment will not deny those charged prisoners the right to appeal. While the Supreme Court ruling may have only modest repercussions across the nation, Silver Dransoff says it has clearly set a precedent in Ontario. But, more importantly, she adds, it solidifies "an underlying attitude that women aren't worth as much as men."

Today, Lutherdale pays her estimated \$500 a month to support her and their 17-year-old son, Gordon. Ironically, although he has been ordered to pay half of his wife's court costs as well as the \$10,000 settlement, he says he was willing to give her more before the case reached the Supreme Court of Canada. "I offered her \$15,000, cash," he says. "My wife's lawyer wrote back that this was not acceptable." While Silver Dransoff does not deny this, she counters that her client made offers "before any of the trials took place, and he didn't set on any of those."

Ultimately, however, Douglas Lutherdale believes that neither he nor his wife was anything. "The system," he charges, "doesn't work." Silver Dransoff agrees that the law went awry. Still, she is hopeful that "a ground swell of outrage will soon make it right."

—VICTOR PALDIE in Toronto

Shorter circuits and TV courts

Since Canada's beginnings, geography has dictated that northern and rural residents charged with criminal offences must be transported hundreds of kilometres for legal proceedings in the nearest judicial centre. At the same time, judges, lawyers and clerks from the larger cities have been forced to travel a lengthy, small-town courtroom circuit to conduct those proceedings. The result: a cumbersome and expensive system of justice for a minority of accused in Canada. But an experimental program to begin next month in Brandon, Man., 200 km west of Winnipeg, could change the law of ways. Defendants will "appear" in Brandon court on remote monitors, receiving from both applications to trial records, through a two-way television system between the jail and the courthouse four kilometers away.

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—VICTOR PALDIE in Toronto

While greasing the wheels of justice



year in prison on any matter. In fact, trials and guilty pleas will always occur with the accused present before a judge. But, for the majority of lesser proceedings, many lawyers have few qualms about allowing their clients to appear on television. "It is [a] well-informed and you know him and can trust him to say what he should say to the judge," says Brandon lawyer Brian McWhirter. "It would be okay for the lawyer to appear in court and let his client speak via TV."

However, lawyers have some reservations about the intended legal consequences of television. "The Criminal Code does not even acknowledge the existence of courtroom TV," he cautions. "It is not been my own legal opinion. He adds that some legal practitioners could end up in jail. For example, if an accused agrees to make a TV appearance in real-time matters on the advice of his lawyer, there is nothing to keep him from lying his lawyer if he does not like his verdict. Then the defendant's lawyer would have to appear on the grounds that, because he did not physically appear in the courtroom, the court loses its jurisdiction over him. Still other defence lawyers worry about lawyer-client relationships, which, for the most part, are confidential. They could face-to-face. "There are some clients that you like to make under the table from time to time," says McWhirter. "The TV experiment does tend to put a distance between you."

But, in more than five states in the United States, where such programs have existed for at least four years, judges and lawyers have been pleased with the results. In Las Vegas, Municipal Court Administrator Rick Little says television has not dented his caseload. In addition, television "has saved the city at least \$300,000 in protection and transportation fees in its three years of operation. It has even helped to minimize security risks in high profile cases. The recent arrest of a notorious fire to the Las Vegas Hilton, for example, was arranged on TV from prison. "We deal with traffic cases and criminal misdemeanors," says Little. "It really expedites justice."

While the Canadian legal system will benefit from streamlining, the jury is still out on the legal and physical possibilities of two-way TV. Yet many provinces will be watching the experiment with interest. Says Simon Chester, director for the Ministry of the attorney general in Ontario: "We're not using video equipment right now but we will be studying the Brandon experiment and its results." Adds Brandon Crown Attorney Gerald Rowing: "We will see how it works for three months, then we'll make a decision. In essence, we will as least want to break up on their television presence."

—PETER CANALE-GORDON in Winnipeg

MEDIA WATCH

Why the CBC won't bite where it eats

By George Bain

Take the CBC's *Journal* to Uganda and it's like a story of social significance unencumbered by politics, especially our politics, like whether Tyrone can make it on his own. The headline reads: "The powder market after these unfortunate circumstances in Chicago." Do you really think you can make back a \$4. Yes, I really do. (Thank-you for talking to us as a Thank-you.)

And when it comes to politics, the record is more equivocal. On the one hand, *The Journal* is prepared to stick its teeth into Ronald Reagan's smile for the way he's been mismanaging our economy. On the other hand, it has more difficulty speaking out about the performance of the people more normally associated with the management of our economy, presumably because of the better which it constantly is on guard to keep from getting in its mouth.

All of which leads me to take issue with Appleton, Lew Applebaum and Jacques White, on their recent review of cultural policy, over up with the radical and, to the CBC, repugnant, suggestion that the CBC should off the making of entertainment programs to private producers. Under a government incentive scheme and simply reform existing rules and public affairs. I have a better idea. Since the CBC already has the studios, there is no reason why the Corp shouldn't go on filling its own cultural needs. It's the news TV contained about. Under a government incentive scheme to appoint to the presidency of the state-sponsored broadcasting network Pierre Jussé, a friend of the prime minister's, a liberal party candidate and cabinet minister-designate, would be the best way of ensuring that a decent arm's length is observed.

There was something like public outcry—the surprise extended into the cabinet—at the Jussé appointment. What outcry has occurred since arose from the fact that the Minister of the day demanded successive midday news slots for a series of enigmatic messages by Trudeau, and Jussé, in effect, rose, smiled, and said: "How many?" At a press conference at the time, he exhibited some hurt that his past political career in the newsroom was being raised. But why? Surely it is CBC policy not to have persons in positions of influence over the news who have openly



involved themselves with political parties. When Ron Collier, the CBC's national political reporter in Ottawa, ran as a Conservative candidate in 1974, even as Pierre Jussé later ran as a Liberal, he was quickly shafted off to Washington where his talent could be seen as being in the service of the news. Nor could he be sent back to Ottawa. What? Coincidence? Perhaps, but Collier was left in no doubt that his move was triggered by the political change. Defensible? Perhaps, but if so the newsroom, why not in the boardroom?

Two events in particular this year have cast a shadow over the CBC's political independence. One was the decision by William Magnum, the director of TV news and current affairs, English services division, not to get up presidents on analysis comment on, or interview other people to comment on the prime minister's sentiments, immediately after they were due. To do so, in his view, would only be to risk confusing the viewer. It makes an argument for doing away with journalists on a day that undoubtedly has its supporters, not least in the government, but not one to be expected to come from a news organization. What is more curious, and raises the question of whether Magnum's move came as a hidden, is that the idea of restricting comment, of letting nothing get in the way of the transmission of the True Word, was the same as surfaced at the time of Allan MacEachern's Aeneas budget. Then, the government clearly had a problem with the CBC's coverage of the budget speech in the House and, more important, in effecting the removal of a conservative government didn't like. Economic writer Dan Cohen has been effectively barred from the House. And last time she had served as a CBC budget-night commentator for more than 10 years.

No official complaint has ever been made by the CBC about her exclusion. Cohen wrote letters to five CBC executives. Peter Jussé included, asking about it. She's never had even an acknowledgment.

Such things perhaps explain *The Journal's* seemingly chronic hand-down accuracy about anything below the level of what the government says.

George Bain, director of journalism at King's College, Windsor, will be writing a monthly column every month.

The unlovable canals along the river

By Pat Ohiendorf

Four years ago, with black sludge seeping into basements and the toll of miscarriages, birth defects and cancer rising, 150 toxic-looking dumps in abandoned chemical dumps in Love Canal, near Niagara Falls, N.Y., and the Niagara River, were evacuated from their basins. Today, although the houses and school have been bulldozed under, the dump site—a cauldron of benzene, PCBs, C-54, dioxin and other potentially dangerous chemicals—is still there. And last week a U.S. government agency prompted new fears about the health of some four million Canadians whose drinking water comes from Lake Ontario—because of seepage from yet another of the 150 chemical dump sites, some of which border on the Niagara River. The scare is only the latest in a seemingly endless series in Canada and the United States continue to unearth chemical dumps with alarming regularity. Worse, officials on both sides of the border seem unable to agree on remedies.

Last week, after two years of head-on negotiations aimed at cleaning up the so-called "B-area" dump site near Niagara Falls, N.Y.—five kilometers from Love Canal—the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) filed suit in the U.S. district court in Buffalo against Occidental Chemical Corp., the parent company of Hooker Chemicals and Plastics Corp., the original owner of the Love Canal site. The EPA alleged that toxics from the site—which could be as much as three times the size of Love Canal—are leaching through the landfill rubble as well as the dump runs into canals of the Niagara Falls water treatment plant and under the bedrock of the Niagara River, which flows into Lake Ontario.

But the concern about dumps is not limited to the United States. Although Canadian lands are clean in the Niagara River about 95 percent of the pollution in that water body comes from the U.S. side, last week the Ontario Ministry of the Environment revealed



Bulldozed remains of Love Canal today; chemical dioxin

that old solvents were contaminating wells in Midland, Ont., and a federal environment report says that 50 highly toxic dumps were also discovered in Quebec. Even in local officials worried with these problems, the federal government and citizens' groups applied for intervenor status at the "B-area" court hearing in Buffalo, N.Y. "The B-area dump is one of many," said Peter Gaultier, co-ordinator of the Niagara River Improvement Team, set up by the Ontario government last year. "The sorts of contaminants that are coming are persistent in the environment."

But Canadian officials are reluctant to spread alarm. "The water in Lake Ontario is still of very high quality," insists George Bedard, chief of environmental and occupational toxicology at Health and Welfare Canada. "This is an emergency, rather than a emergency, problem." Nevertheless, scientists have detected dioxin in herring gull eggs near the lake and have previously advised against eating fish because of PCB and pesticide residues. "Modern toxicology simply cannot tell us the long-term effects of toxics in these very small amounts," says Martin Campbell, researcher at Toxics Free Probe.

The leaching of chemical wastes is the legacy of the dig-and-dump method of waste disposal that prevailed between the 1940s and the 1950s. "The only way to clean up these sites is to dig them up and destroy the wastes [by burning or

chemical treatment]," declared an Environement Canada's communications officer, Richard Findlay. Companies such as Occidental claim that leaving wastes in the ground and subsiding chemicals to isolate the underlying is cheaper and less dangerous. Although the Love Canal dump now has a giant clay cap and is raged by drainage pipes, Environment Canada nevertheless claims that there is no assurance that chemicals are not seeping out the bottom.

The lessons from the chemical scares have not been lost on current waste managers. Today many industries treat waste to reduce its bulk and render it less harmful.

But the waste has almost disappeared from the environment since it was banned in the early 1990s. And, while PCBs, heavily restricted since 1971, are still present, most experts feel they too will become a nuisance from the past. Yet, because certain chemicals cannot be burned—such as the benzene, which are ubiquitous in the petrochemical industry, and dioxin, which is an unwanted byproduct—and because recycling can reduce their bulk only to a point, dumps will likely remain necessary. "The crucial thing is to use the best engineering technology to make landfill sites as leakproof as possible," says Donald Chant, president of the Ontario Waste Management Corporation. He cites an example: a medical facility currently being designed to handle all of Ontario's wastes (Ontario generates 1.5 billion L of chemical waste a year—half of Canada's total). According to Chant, the new chemical dump—to be built at an old steel mill site—will include plastic and clay liners, separate compartments for different wastes, drainage pipes for treatment and monitoring systems.

But, while the new designs may prevent future Love Canals, they have little impact on the old dumps that threaten Lake Ontario and create toxic surprises elsewhere. "We certainly have our own toxic nightmares in Canada," warns Pollution Probe's Campbell. "They will continue to haunt us."

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Images of splendor for the giving

This was the year of the alaskan book, when scores of donors generously gifted a dark fate for the Earth Optimists insist, however, that, among threatened flora and fauna, trees will be celebrated not by the mushroom cloud of nuclear holocaust but by the giftbook industry. And, gifting through this season's massive fall-out of coffee-table paperweights, lovers of the big and beautiful will agree that this is a much safer way to go.

A bygone era of ease and refinement opens up in the lavishly illustrated pages of John Singer Sargent (Methuen Press, \$129.00). The most sought-after portrait painter of his day, Sargent immortalized a generation of truly debauchees and such minor Victorians as Harry James and Robert Louis Stevenson ("Devoted to his cigarettes," as James described him, Sargent painted in the tradition of the Old Masters, borrowing from glowing palettes and dramatic compositions of the Impressionists. As Carter Ratcliff observes in the elegant, engrossing essay "He updated the past with flair but he never challenged it." At his best, as in *Lady Agnew*, technical virtuosity combines with psychological insight to produce masterpieces of portraiture. This rich volume does full justice to the suppositional style and grand manner of the last great academic painter.

The Indian portraits of Nicholas de Grandmaison have appeared so many times that it takes a second look actually to see the nobility of the Russian emperors' work. *History in Their Blood* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$29.95) is a collection of 64 of his characteristic pastel portraits executed between 1908 and 1960. The book offers a chance to see an artist of occasionally surprising strengths, outside the unfortunate context of highway trading posts, at its lowest and most imaginative, his masterly draftsmanship reveals. Teolou-Lustre is his ability to capture personality. The text, competently written by Bligh A. Denney, follows de Grandmaison's search throughout Western Canada for Indians who had "lived enough or suffered enough to have interesting faces." Hard-pressed by the 20th century, the Cree, the Blackfoot, the Haida and the Papaya became de Grandmaison's proud and sorrowful subjects. Here, without a doubt, were interesting faces, and the resulting portraits, if overly literal in their



Sargent's *Lady Agnew*: supphono

composers, are nonetheless worth re-examination.

Far from neglected, the work of Lauren Harris is in danger of overexposure. *The Beguining of Vision* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$69.00) is a selection of his preparatory sketches which were never meant to be shown in public, as Robert Fulford and Joan Murray point out in a readable introduction. Although Harris was one of the Group of Seven's finest painters, these heavy-handed renderings show that he was not an accomplished draftsman. Occasionally, the drawings of vegetables show Harris' talent for simplifying complex forms and abstracting them into a composition of grandeur. But even these delights are marred by the unrelenting ugliness of the book's design. The pages are mounted on patterned paper which could have been lifted from a powder-room wall. It would have been better had the drawings remained obscure rather than dashed up in such a package.

The way photography seizes on bookshelves suddenly fill up each December can make the art itself seem gauche and opportunistic. However, Ulfar Rossmo's *The Photographs of George Tice* (Beaverbooks, \$39.00) has a more subtle, revealing it with rare delight. Outraged by impeccable reproduction and design, this retrospective survey covers three decades during which Tice, acknowledged by critics as a master but not widely known, has reflected in U.S. culture. The main head of an eagle on the Chrysler Building, the beautiful faces of Artichoke boys, a spookily fit telephone booth, all form part of a vision that is, at once, unromantic and lovely.

Because chemicals and machines fig-



Kitchen from *French Style, embrace New Photography: History of an Art*

ure so prominently in photography, its status as art has sometimes been denied. *French Style, embrace New Photography: History of an Art* (Methuen, \$69.00) argues that from the time of its invention it was a creative medium, tracing its evolution from a means of reproducing colored reality to a mode of expressing emotional ideas and feelings. Even sometimes indulges in academic abstractions, but his point of view is impressively informed, and his thoughts are unambiguously ordered. Moreover, the book is so stunningly and richly illustrated that it remains absorbing even when the text is not.

Though not totally selfless, Branzi's *The Art of My Life* (Penguin, \$69.00) is a pleasure. Mixing photographs and sketches, he renders sensitive, glowing and vivid portraits of old friends, who also happen to have been among the century's most important





You can pour whisky

visions. Whether talking about Salvador Dalí's acclife or Pierre Bonnard's distress at growing old, Brando displays the same tolerant interest in the human condition that characterized his *The Secret Part* of the 7th Lakewood, the pictures—a dignified, contemplative Maline in his studio, a worldly, chic Picasso at the Café de Flore—are intimate, revealing and from the heart.

Hardly hardly figures at all in *Vandy Fair*. Photographs of An Age, 1914-1916 (General, \$40.00), a parade of personifications prominent in politics, show business and the arts as captured by the likes of Man Ray, Edward Steichen and Cecil Beaton. These portraits rely on lighting and poses a glossy-mouthed Tullulah Bankhead stares into a shiny ball, Franklin Delano Roosevelt sits with family arranged around him. As they appeared years ago on the pages of a sophisticated magazine, these images of the celebrated must have been fresh and beautiful. Respectfully gathered together in 1984, they speak eloquently of days that are past and dead.

German-born photographer Uli Steltzer spent most of 1980 and 1981 in the Canadian Arctic, and the result is *Frost: The North in Perspective* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$25.95). Her black-and-white photography and her subjects' own descriptions of their lives keep the

focus of the book on the Inuit themselves, and not necessarily on the snowy and personified that would normally appeal to a photographer's eye. The results are mixed. Harsh, far-fetched and dramatic, *Frost* is a realistic and instructive documentary about the effects of one culture on another. Steltzer is as fascinated with two children arguing about Soapie and Lastermint as she is with two women doing the Inuit dance, traditional Inuit throat-singing. The book itself, however, suffers from prosaic design, and the photographs—albeit taken under difficult conditions—are more explanatory than beautiful.

As sprightly as *Frost* is serious, *Lake Louise: A Diamond in the Wilderness* (Arlow, \$19.95) is a delightful, loving look at one of Canada's most tourist-trodle scenic wonders. Lake Louise is entirely without solemnity and pretension in part a history of the adventures, exploits and holidays who came from far and wide, in part a portfolio of photographs, souvenirs and paintings that ardently reveals becoming part of the visual (dis)order. Instead of lengthy passages on the splendor of mountain peaks, the reader will find Louis' Mountbatten slipping Lake Louise on ice. Western Church's book, *Both the best, writer and compiled by Jan Whyte, and the photo-*

intellectual movement that broke through century-old shrouds of superstition and stagnation in pursuit of knowledge about the world.

In *Small Churches of Canada* (Leider & Orpen Design, \$35.00), artist Kim Gadsby set out on a modern-day journey to record a vital, historical element of Canadian architecture and spiritual life before it is all boarded-up and abandoned. Small churches were usually the first churches, built out of the materials at hand and the settlers' consciousness of the lines that they had left behind. Green domes sprang on disheveled Greek Orthodox churches in the Prairies, and little white triangles of wood were tacked above the windows of a log church to add a Gothic cathedral touch. Gadsby's book is a record of pioneer settlement and invention. But it is also a record of how a country like Canada celebrates its past in the fine years that she traveled, Gadsby discovered that the commonly whitewashed churches. It is left as a charming remnant, and no one living near it can remember who built it or who once worshipped there.



Jean Harlow in *Vandy Fair* (1935); it was all in the pose

For those who worship at the altar of Perpetual Renovation, for whom heaven is the perfect daylight, *French Style* (General, \$20.00) is an object of sheer heresy. Here is a lucid tribute to apartments, salons, chateaus and country homes in which the past is em-

broidered and nothing is ever thrown out. Kitchens are a clutter of antique copper pots and high-tech machinery, red marble bathtubs and leather-paneled walls. With 450 full-color photographs, the book is rich in Gallic taste the day room of a Studebaker Provincial prints, the duffed pillow and placid blue of the chaise that Monet used at Giverny. Most of all, it is a testimony to over-the-top individuality. Who but a Frenchman would have the gall to fill his living room with a bed in the shape of a bird, suggested by a gilded hawk, supported by chairs? And where else would a bunch of dried grass be all that was necessary to "complete" the guest bedroom? There is a handy message in this madness.

The faded season is many things to many people but it is hardly ever fancy. The same could be said of humor books. With the arbitrary note that one person's laugh-slapper is somebody else's lead balloon, the new thing about buying someone a funny book is that no matter how rarely they smile, it will still be funnier than giving them a plastic lecture deer.

The humor is *The Nuclear War Fun*



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BOUCHARD AÎNÉ & FILS

Book (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$1.95) is so black that it flares off the pages of this much-maligned, dry "inductively" book as what to do in the boring aftermath of nuclear war. Then it, of course, a clever little education in postwar realities, disguised as grimy games ("Mark the Mutant" and Doomsday Dots ("Island Alaska"), utterly tasteless, but since when was war without its rude aspects? Just the thing to polarize a Christmas morning and alienate pro-Bogus relatives.

Until Lynn Johnson's *For Better or Worse* came along, the only one-in-a-thousand clue to real family life was that blonde high-impulsivity-bronchitis-damn-and-murder "hooker" Norel. The current life of the housewife is revealed in the 16-way personality of Lily Patterson, mother of two, selfish, feminist, dentist's wife, and the one who lets the dog out on a cold morning. In *It's This "One of Those Days," Daddy!* (Macmillan, \$3.95), the Patterson household is once again revealed as a familiar landscape of jam-stains and slumped-over back bags of dry dog food. *Housewife* keeps breaking into the frame just like kids, and Johnson displays a nice ear for family ambient noise: the sound of talons being plunged (in-florescence-pink), and small boys wearing rubber slippers (dribble-slosh-slosh), dogs. There is always the danger that cartoon books as gifts have the shelf life of an adult, but Lynn Johnson's humor is based on character, not jokes: reading her collected cartoons in a respectable format.

Reviewed by Anne Collins Morris Jenkins,
Lisa Johnson David Longmire David
Nagelhouse and Gillian Morlock

MCCLENNAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *Spies, Spies* (H)
2. *Master of the Game, Mervin* (H)
3. *Different Worlds, Any* (H)
4. *The Parallel Worlds, London* (H)
5. *The Prophet, Jonathan, Archer* (H)
6. *The Moon of Jupiter, Archer* (H)
7. *The Valley of Bones, Any* (H)
8. *Butterflies, Any* (H)
9. *Whirlwind, Archer* (H)
10. *Goodbye Monkey Means, Douglas*

Nonfiction

1. *The Establishment Man: A Portrait of Power, Newman* (H)
2. *Crises in the Life of the Liberal Party, McClellan* (H)
3. *Major in the Field, Newman* (H)
4. *Johnson and the 1960s, Newman* (H)
5. *Way We Act Like Candidates, Newman* (H)
6. *Towers of Gold, Feet of Clay, Newman* (H)
7. *James P. H. Newman, Newman* (H)
8. *James P. H. Newman, Newman* (H)
9. *James P. H. Newman, Newman* (H)
10. *James P. H. Newman, Newman* (H)

(1) Fiction that sells



Newman in the best performance of his career, he explores the shame and helplessness of one who has lost his way

FILMS

A fading soul's bid for redemption

THE VERDICT

Directed by Sidney Lumet

IN ITS first few scenes, each of which begins with a fade-out, *The Verdict* establishes just how low Frank Galvin (Paul Newman) has sunk. He circles bartenders and shows up at funerals, passing himself off as a friend of the deceased and offering his legal services. While he consistently courts embarrassment at such functions, Galvin is a half-fellow-well-oiled character at his local Boston pub. When he is alone in his sparsely furnished, stuffy apartment, he has to slip his shot of Old Rockwell from a table because of his shaking hands. It is fitting that each introductory scene fades out; the man is fading out as well. A successful lawyer before he became an "imbalance chaser," Galvin had almost been disbarred (wrongly) for paying tuppence. Now, he is just someone who happens to be walking around in a body.

In the best performance of his career, Paul Newman embodies Frank Galvin with all the shame and helplessness of one who has lost his way. A seigneur arrives, however, when his friend Mickey (Jack Warden) throws a real-practice case his way—but even Mickey's sympathy is wearing thin. The case is shockingly simple: a young woman has suffered brain damage during a delivery in a Catholic hospital while she was under the care of a drunken anesthetist (Wesley Addy). The anesthetist

naturally does not want publicity and offers to settle out of court for an staggering \$125,000, a third of which would go to Galvin. It all seems fairly straightforward until Galvin, told by another doctor that the patient should not have been anesthetized, visits the young woman. She is now a vegetable hooked up to a life-support machine, and he begins to feel some compassion. In discovering that feeling for another human being, he is anxious to find some for himself. He rejects the church's offer and brings the case to court.

Everything conspires against him: witnesses are bought off, newspaper and radio attacks are called to the aid of the church, and the judge (Milo O'Shea) is hardly impartial. Galvin's reputation is in no help, and his opponent (James Mason), to whom Mickey refers as "The Prince of Darkness," has a fleet of cunning, sympathetic advocates at his disposal. As an underdog of the legal system, *The Verdict* is slightly overdrawn. Milo O'Shea practically wears horns; but elsewhere playwright David Mamet's script is terse and often touching.

The Verdict is a movie deprived of light: its cinematography is heavy, at times even apocalyptic, reflecting righteousness, slow Boston with its dark-tinted bars and legal offices. In this movie boys wear something of a joke and lose a high rank in our divine moral Laura, played with surprising warmth by Charlotte Rampling. She is a woman

who cannot assist in failure anymore but is still attracted to it. There after suggests the sad gawdy of week-old sheets and the lingering, sour smell of tobacco and booze.

Although it questions its turn into *Roady in Court*, the film is carried along by director Sidney Lumet's steady hand and the power of Newman's performance. Lumet, who has always been good with actors (*Nitro*, *Day After Tomorrow*), wisely films most of Newman's scenes in medium-to-long shots, too many closeups in a performance with so much energy—and a subject with this kind of pity attached to it—might have made it hysterical. *Verdict*, his reaction showed by his own apathy about himself, hyperintensity with fear that there may be some hope yet in his life. Newman plunges like an Olympic diver into the deep waters of his part. It would seem that Frank Galvin represents the convergence of everything in Paul Newman's career that has been so carefully, and perhaps not so easily, learned. One of those things is the ability to do less, knowing that it can achieve more. Some actors take a symphonic approach to a role, the latest and most glorious example being Meryl Streep's performance in *Sophia's Choice*. Paul Newman's portrayal in *The Verdict* is one of stark, public clarity, like the sound of a single finger plucking out a tune as a piano in the middle of the night.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Bringing out the feminine side

TOOTIE
Directed by Sydney Pollack

The characters in *Tootie* seem invented rather than real instead of having a life of their own, they exist for the purpose of pumping a plot along. That would have been perfectly acceptable as standard fare, but the screenwriters not so obviously named the characters to be real and teaching and have them point a moral to the story despite Dustin Hoffman's secretly accomplished performance, the main character, Michael Dorsey, an out-of-work New York actor, is written bloodlessly. Told by his agent (played with relish by director Sydney Pollack) that he is virtually unemployable because of his difficult nature, Michael, just turned 30, decides that a new identity might be a dramatic solution to his dilemma.

Michael's decision is clearly a snap one: the next shot of him is on the street in a dress as Dorothy Mahablia. Such decisions are not taken as lightly as this movie would imply. The motivation is purely to move the story along. Similarly, when his friend of six years (Tim Gunt) catches him in his underwear in her bedroom (he is about to try on one of her dresses accidentally), he explains his state of undress by saying he wants to go to bed with her, and does. Those who believe the dramatic rationale behind that scene will believe anything.

Burton and Hoffman, associating a man's prerogative to wear a dress



The fact that Michael goes to bed with his best friend serves the same weight as scenes of him putting on nail polish and false eyelashes, they are techniques that emphasize a farcical situation. While *Tootie* is competent and produces some titers, it is extraordinarily predictable. Michael's moments, for example, exist solely to make audience remarks—who better than Bill Murray to play a no-nonsense? When the demure Dorothy, with her peach-fuzz southern accent, gets a part on a popular soap opera, she is torn hard-nosed, selling off the director (Delaney Coleman, again as a male character; pig) for calling her "honey," "sweetie," "Tootie" and the like. That change in attitude seems to be a sop for the enlightened viewer in the audience. To emphasize matters, she is falling in love with a co-star (Jessica Lange) whose father (Charles Durning) falls for her him. Even the leading man falls for Dorothy. This is known as gliding the life.

Tootie is a first-and-second faces which has the effrontery to throw in a moral at the end: men can become better by getting in touch with the feminine aspects of themselves. Michael's realization of precisely that is arrived at as quickly and as seemingly arbitrary as the decision to masquerade in drag. Little in the movie seems felt. If it were not for Hoffman's performance as fey-like Dorothy, with big glasses and birdlike stance, *Tootie* might have left a stale taste in the mouth. Instead, it is a safe, slickly produced piece for pop consumption, which, like any taste, is good for a few laughs.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE



Moore, straight from *Ordinary People*.

Hard tugs on the heartstrings

SIX WEEKS
Directed by Tony Bill

A weak weeper, *Six Weeks* has been cunningly designed to take advantage of the sentimentality of the holiday season. The movie does just about everything to tug at the heartstrings. Nicole (Katherine Healy), a little girl who wants to be a ballerina, is dying of leukemia. Her mother (Mary Tyler Moore) wants to fulfill the girl's every last wish, especially her desire to dance in *The Nutcracker*. Knowing that her mother is reasonable, Nicole plays Daily Leo and tries to match Mom up with a concept politician (Dwight Moore). Sensitivity oozes from every pore, helped along by a lachrymose musical score supplied by Moore himself.

The kid is unbelievable: she learns to dance the big *Nutcracker* dance in a matter of hours, behaves like Billa Abzug when she helps out at the politician campaign headquarters, and talks as though she had a degree from Bryn Mawr College. She also thinks rather poetically about herself: "A butterfly is lucky if it lives six weeks." As played by Healy, she is also something of a narcissist. Like daughters, the mother perceiving on her side who is supposed to be melted by the man her dying daughter has brought into her life, Mary Tyler Moore, fresh (or as it stands) from *Ordinary People*, never really seems tole to search. When this movie ends it is like a curtain being pulled in an opera house. As for the other Moore, he appears to be applying himself seriously and not having all that much fun. For a movie that purports to show three people having each other, hardly any touching occurs in *Six Weeks*. When it does, everyone's face freezes. —LOT

The Odd Couple gets married

BEST FRIENDS
Directed by Norman Jewison

Some movies are just plain dull. Norman Jewison's *Best Friends*, featuring Goldie Hawn and Burt Reynolds as scriptwriter lovers, is that typical movie: a laugh here, an occasional detail there, but dull all the same. Like some bad movies, the movie might have looked good on paper and yet, in its finished form, it is missing an essential quality. As screenwriters who have lived and worked successfully together for years (based in part on the relationship between the film's actual writers (Barry [Doris] Levinson and Valerie Carrin), Hawn and Reynolds have no charm, charisma or presence. It all seems to have evaporated on the way from the Wimbago to the movie set. When they marry, each against her wishes, and visit their respective parents, the relationship deteriorates, as might be expected in a romantic comedy-drama of this kind. Events in *Best Friends* proceed with such total predictability that the viewer may begin to feel drowsy.

In movies that suffer death by dull-



Reynolds and Hawn: unfortunately, all the charm was left in the Wimbago

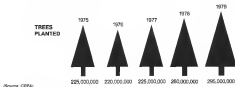
ness, it is often difficult to know where to lay the blame. Perhaps the screenwriters themselves are at fault for being prescient enough to think that their autobiographies are interestingly interesting, or for coming up with a line like, "There are some statements I want to make with my life, and you're one of them." On the other hand, director Jewison employs a flat, 1950s-style, which seems to have robbed Hawn's natural effervescence. To some minds a strong candidate for culpability may well be the tricky, sensitive prose score

by Michel Legrand, master of the softening every key. In fact, a case could be made for such piano scores contributing to the demise of romantic screen comedy.

To give it its due, there are some cloudbursts in *Best Friends*, such as a second, giggling Hawn having a heart-to-heart with a friend in a playpen. None of the good scenes, however, includes both stars, which speaks volumes for their rapport. Without the right chemistry, such would be useless as *Best Friends* refuses to rise. —L. OT

Pulp and Paper Reports:

Expanding Forest Renewal



(Source: CFFA)

Forestry experts are certain that Canada's forests can be much more productive. Governmental programs continue to be developed and used in various silvicultural techniques can speed growth and increase timber yields. But new cuts are involved. Steps to accelerate forest renewal must be taken now, because it takes a long time to grow a tree in Canada. The most urgent need is information of lands that have been harvested or destroyed by fire, plant-

ing of trees on productive land that is not suitable for farming and better protection against fire, insects and diseases.

Present governments own 30% of the nation's forests. They act as landlords in the pulp and paper companies. Governmental programs create either in accident information and other ways to increase the forest harvest. A plentiful supply of low-cost fiber is needed to maintain Canada's competitive position in world

pulp and paper markets.

For more information about the challenges facing Canada's logging industry, send for "Pulp and Paper: Key Issues for Public Information Services," a free booklet from Public Information Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, Sun Life Building, Suite 2100, 1155 Metcalfe Street, Montreal, Quebec, H3B 2G9. Dept. P

The patience of Brian Mulroney

By Allan Fotheringham

Twenty-four years ago, in the pre-bombastic postscript that always follows the rise, Joe Clark met Brian Mulroney. They were both teenagers and they were both eager and they were both Tiny Timmes with much in common. Joe was from Elgin River, Alta., a little town out of W.O. Mitchell, south of Calgary, where the new-crowned Backus son, section that winners who set off to walk toward Texas, like a mirage in a Lawrence of Arabia desert. Brian was from Bala, Ontario, a pulp and paper mill town owned by the Chicago Tribune, on the edge of nowhere, far along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, where his father worked as an electrician before he died and left his handsome son to provide for his mother and brother and younger sisters. Both were well removed from the over-stuffed fraternity hood that one usually finds in the Young Conservatives of Canada. Last week, in the elegant surroundings of the most elegant hotel in Canada, Montreal's Ritz-Carlton, the two small-town boys shared a microphone and pledged their allegiance one to another, and Mulroney spoke of how they had always been warm friends.

In fact, they are not friends at all, warm or otherwise. They harbor an active dislike for each other. This is natural, because each, since that day of meeting 24 years ago, has had his eye on a goal that would exclude the other leader of the Progressive Conservative party and prince consort of Canada. The truth is the Ritz-Carlton, announcing that Mulroney will support the embattled Clark in Winnipeg, is merely a temporary truce. Mulroney knows that, and one suspects that Clark, who has been around politics for a long time (he long, some might suggest), knows it too.

Let us look at the plot, or scenario, from Mulroney's point of view. He has always been known as a shrewd man in his assessments of himself (somebody like the Duke of Wellington) but he is remarkably Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Maclean's*.

patient for someone who possesses more than the requisite Celtic quicksilver in his soul. He brooded and rolled for several years after finishing third in the 1959 leadership race to a man he clearly regards as inferior in personality and political skills. But now, with the maturing bird of Times headed for Winnipeg a month hence growing in their belligerence, Mulroney suddenly pulls back and supports a leader he doesn't have much faith in. He is remarkably patient, prepared to wait for another day.

The eventual showdown between the

resonant image that the Clarkists, growing increasingly rampant as Winnipeg approached, attempted to exploit Mulroney as Irwin Oke president had to shut down the mass in Schreiber, as the Quebec-Labrador border is an industry town not unlike the Ritz-Carlton. It was his personality and it hurt his politically, with the Clark operatives trying to exploit in Quebec the view that the bachelorette answer was "The man who shut down a town." In the cruel world of resources, which Canada is making up to, the shutdown had more to do with the discovery in Brazil of massive and easily accessible iron ore reserves which that country is playing for political reasons, just as much as Russia does with gold and the Saudi sheiks with oil.

Clark and Mulroney, going through life by differing means, approached Winnipeg with the mask of mutual indifference, their underlings fighting ferociously in the back rooms and delegate halls. In today's politics, one cannot operate effectively without a supporting someone attractive, strong and more than a decade younger than himself. Mulroney, however, from the Ottawa Valley Brian Mulroney married someone strong and more than a decade younger than himself, Mills Prentiss, daughter of a Vancouver-Canadian journalist. They were searching to different drummers but with the same goal they dreamed of 24 years ago as Tiny Timmes.

Clark's people, in the whisper campaign, were persistently sharing Mulroney as the "young man" in the rising Winnipeg rebellion. Mulroney, so patient for one so Irish, decided not to play their game. He did not withdraw. He stepped back. He knew that Clark got only 66-per-cent approval at the 1981 annual meeting. With Mulroney's backing, he surely must get even more this time. In fact, Mulroney has just upped the ante. Clark must now reach into the 60-per-cent bracket to be believable. Brian Mulroney, at 45, is still six years younger than Pierre Trudeau was when he first became prime minister. Winnipeg is not the end. It is just the beginning of the rivalry.

It was a rift in that successful-but-



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